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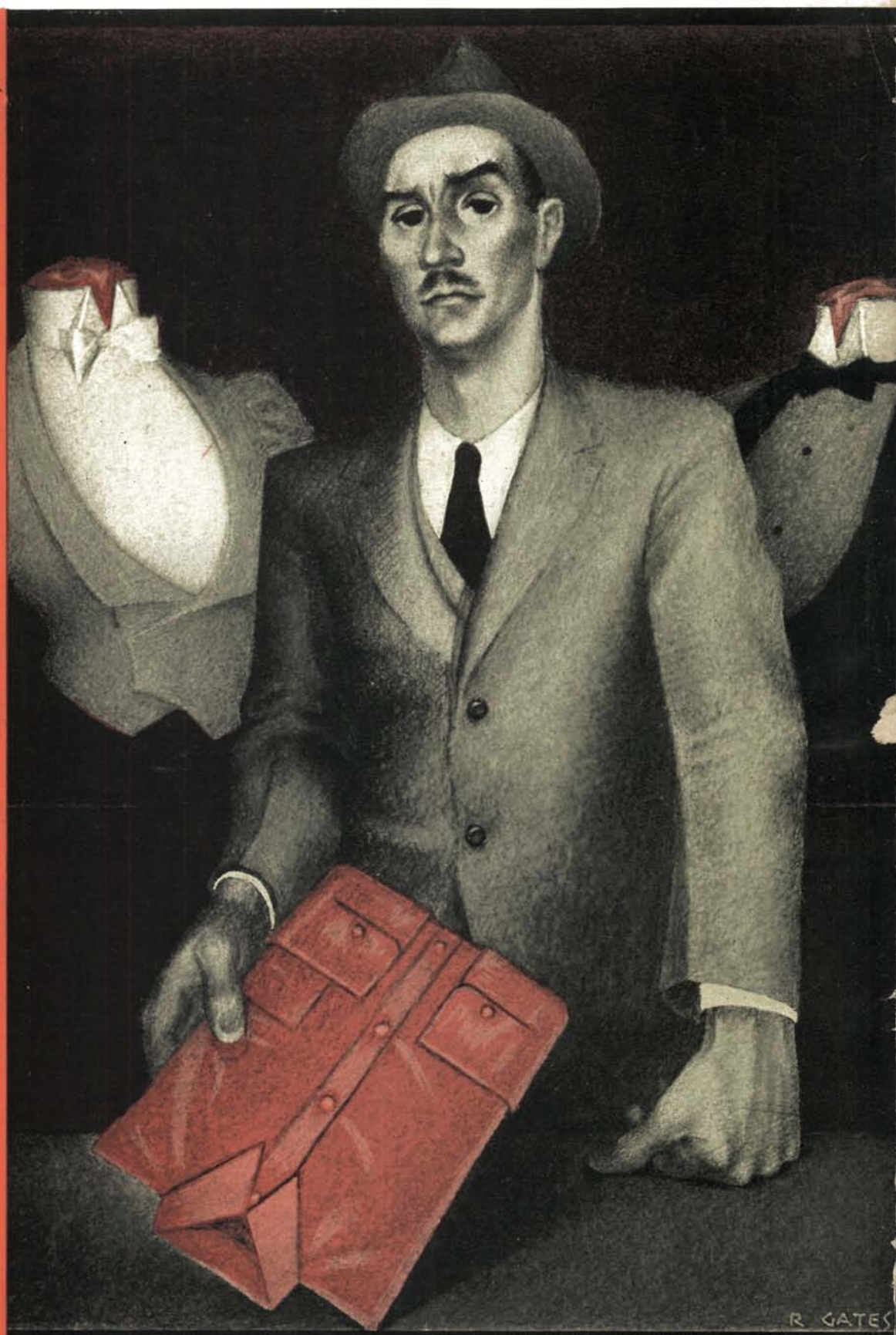

Stuffed Shirts and Red Shirts

By FRANCIS HACKETT

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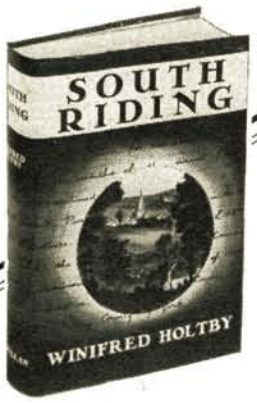

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Stuffed Shirts and Red Shirts

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

Howard Coster

FRANCIS HACKETT

IN the home of a serious weekly the door of a private office opened and a startling man appeared to me. He was young and beautifully slim, without a coat, but wearing a dark red shirt and a revolutionary tie. He frowned. He was brusque and abstracted, a formidable lad. Then he was called to the capitalistic telephone, and I could hear him saying, "You see, I am still at thirty dollars a week." Evidently the system had him under its rubber heel.

Ties and shirts like that I had seen before—W. B. Yeats used to wear a poetic black tie, and Floyd Dell sported a strange, hot-looking khaki shirt. But the funny thing, as this youth burst on me with his economic bristles so erect, was to see him so defiant on a weekly that, after all, owes its very existence to the Unearned Increment. I was all for his having a slab of the unearned increment, sixty rather than thirty dollars a week if he could lay hands on it, but the make-up seemed to me incongruous. Karl Marx did it differently. That shaggy man had to live in Soho on miserable scraps of income, burrowing to his end in the overwhelming discomfort and isolation of a creator who is hated and feared, however amply loved. Lenin buried himself in the fourteenth arrondissement in Paris like any small bourgeois. He can't have looked like a communist. He probably looked like a grubby shopkeeper, until the terrible power of his face dominated the observer. Between this young, subsidized communist and these men of iron faith there is all the difference between light romance or sentimentality and tough emotion.

But this sentimentality is not just amusing. It is, I take it, a symptom of young American dream life, and as such it is significant. Twenty years ago, certainly, there were no young men in communist shirts on that same weekly. There was one bearded man in sandals in a state of esthetic protest, but at that time the Soviet did not exist, and the general get-up was Harvardian with a suggestion of Whitehall. The more important ties were pearl-grey, and the socks sometimes came from the Burlington Arcade.

The truth is that twenty years ago in American intellectual life the insurrection was barely indicated, outside the *Masses,* and thirty years ago it was not even promised, outside Horace Traubel. Today it is in the air. Whether it is just in the air, and all in the air, is another question, but the simple fact of that communist shirt deserves to be noted. Where the shirt is, the heart is.

What has happened in the generation I am speaking about, in the literary orientation of America, is the emergence of a new class. It might be said, I think, that literary criticism in England today is still dominated by the professors. The Cambridge tone may be modified by E. M. Forster and Oxford may be a little guilty of Middleton Murry, but the regular professors do greatly influence the young critics, just as they manage to write a good deal of the newspaper and periodical criticism and to give a large number of the popular lectures. They control and bestow prestige. At the beginning of the twentieth century that was still largely true in America. Paul Elmer More was in the chair, and so were Brander Matthews and later Stuart Sherman. But in the career of Stuart Sherman one may trace the change. The newspaper critics at the beginning of the century who were not professors were frequently admonished and snubbed by the professors, since the professors believed themselves to carry the big guns. That ceased to be so. I do not know at what date the metropolitan newspapers began to support literary critics who write every day, but at some date the newspaper proprietors, encouraged by publishers' advertising or by news sense, took it into their heads to play up literary copy and pay substantial literary salaries. The critic who might have been entrenched in a university, in other words, could at last live by his pen without the university subsidy and the university restraint. This was, of course, not a total innovation. But it was a change, a development in business enterprise if nothing else, and a divorce from the academic tradition. Out of it has come the revolt symbolized by this young man in the dark shirt.

The old revolt against the academic ran along the whole line, and it may be held to have been an effective revolt. It was helped from within by pragmatism, by the John Deweys and James Harvey Robinsons and William Jameses, by all sorts of rebels and insurrectionaries who had said good-bye to the Puritanism which was the binding force in the old American academic tradition. That force persists, but it had nothing like the pliancy or the mobility of similar conservative forces in England. A jolly old reac-

Next Week

THEODORE PARKER
By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER
Reviewed by Townsend Scudder

THE TAVERN
By MARGUERITE STEEN
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

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tionary like George Saintsbury in England might revile Michelet, but he did it with a glass of burgundy in his hand. Bit by bit the conservative English may reassemble the Albert Memorial that Lytton Strachey rocked to its sentimental foundations, but they will do it with that piety and plausibility which smother contradiction in a blur of something like goodwill. The Puritan tradition in America has had nothing like the same worldly wisdom, or the same shrewd geniality. And by the time the stiffness of Paul Elmer More, Brander Matthews, etc., was already cracking in the ears of those within, it invited the sledge-hammer of H. L. Mencken, the leader of the anti-Puritans. The Old Guard in America, besides, made the mistake of bodily importing their anti-Rousseauism from France into the land of Jefferson. It was that infidelity to what James Truslow Adams calls "the American dream," even more than their indifference to burgundy, which made their position so weak. They could not reconcile; they could only dogmatize and repress; and a class outside their influence was rising in America asking to be guided in the maze of the new urban life.

It is against the commercial terms of that urban life, so barren emotionally, that the new revolt is now expressing itself in so-called communism.

Revolt was hopeless until American capitalism went more or less bust. The insufferable successfulness of the North, ever since the Civil War, made it idle to argue against life as business. Business so roaringly profitable laid the critic flat, and even great authors like Mark Twain had to be great men of business as the last proof of virility. Not until business itself became a mass disease, taxation a poker game, and banking a game of hide and seek, did literary America confront the horrible emotional void which is disclosed by a commercial system out of gear. The youth in the dark red shirt is not really a communist. He is a rebel against the business life that for so long has perverted American values. He is a communist in 1936 as he would have been a romantic in 1836.

What does he want? I imagine that he wants a life in which he can really consult his own preferences, on the assumption that his preferences are worth consulting. He knows quite well that under communism he would not be "free," but at least he thinks he would give up his freedom in the interest of a larger final liberation, an escape from the derangement of competition, a life beyond the preoccupations that are clamped down on the present bourgeois. What the new preoccupations would be does not concern him. He is at any rate not a Mosleyite or a neo-Catholic. He is a natural radical, a near-proletarian, and a protestant.

This state of mind is intensely interesting. At no time in America has there been such a number of sharp literary protestants. There is a violence in the new radical novels that, apart altogether from the acceptance of violence as a fashion, reveals a positive mood. That mood is outraged, recalcitrant, bitter. It springs from the growing dissatisfaction that, in the words of John Chamberlain's title, says "Farewell to Reform."

It is not surprising that American literature has, in this one generation, moved out from under the academic tutelage and then revolted against the paymasters who are the brokers between the young writer and demos. Neither the bright brokers nor the dim professors could make acceptable the machine age as business exploits it. The present literary generation in America is definitely bruising itself against the machine age, and its howls of rage, of cynical profanity, of hard-boiled pessimism, of nostalgia for religion, seem to me all part of the harsh consciousness that the individual in America is less and less consulted or enabled to consult himself.

As I sit at my typewriter a letter comes from an editor rejecting a ditty I wrote. "I love it," he says, "but have no room even for humorous verse of this length." That is what he calls "love." He has a preference, but the machine has a stronger preference, and his own has to be cancelled. All over America, in every line, day after day, this is the eternal chorus. "I love it, but it can't be done." It can't be done because the measure is of quantity, not of quality, and the machine cannot handle out-sizes or odd shapes. If a large potato can be produced fairly uniform in size and fairly regular in shape, it can be wrapped in paper and marketed as the Idaho potato. That establishes a standard. But there won't be a market if the object doesn't conform to the standard. Even in literature it had better be a "best-seller," or it won't reach more than a couple of thousand. That is the law of the market, and that is the way business has to be run.

The total effect of ignoring human susceptibility results, in the end, in a New York, and places modelled on New York. The human scale is given up. The machine scale is accepted, since it facilitates every form of interchange or activity except those that spring unevenly from the absorbed, self-consulting, creative man or woman: in a word, the artist, who cannot submit to a uniform.

A million children may put up their beaks for an infant food that is only slightly harmful, and this triumph of enterprise may even capitalize one patron of the arts. But if the article must always

(*Continued on page 25*)

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THE DRAWING ON THE COVER is the work of Richard Gates, a young Iowa artist, introduced to The Saturday Review by Grant Wood. Mr. Wood, who saw the drawing before we did, writes us: "It is, in my estimation, a beautiful job, and I hope that you are as pleased with it as I am. Gates is a young artist with a world of talent and as soon as I get a little time, I want to write you about him at some length."

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Fifteen Years an Eskimo

ARCTIC ADVENTURE. By Peter Freuchen. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $3.

IVALU, THE ESKIMO WIFE. The same. New York: Lee Furman. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARIE AHNIGHITO PEARY

IT is difficult to restrain one's enthusiasm in reviewing a book like "Arctic Adventure." Peter Freuchen is not only possessed of an enormous fund of authentic information but he has the ability to present it vividly to the reader. Unfortunately, it is rare that a book can be found which combines entertainment with reliability.

Particularly is this true of books about the Arctic, for a reason not hard to discover. There are two distinct types of people who write about the far north. First, there is the casual traveller who spends perhaps a few months or at most a year in Greenland or Baffinland or Labrador, and is so constantly encountering new scenes, new ways, and new people, that he becomes bewildered and writes about them superficially, from first impressions, believing that what he has seen is all that there is to see, and that the Eskimos are as simple and childlike as they appear to strangers. The other type is the scientist or explorer, a man with a serious and definite objective in view, who has neither time nor inclination to observe or discuss anything which has no direct bearing on the subject uppermost in his mind. As a result, we have had books which were pleasant reading but a bit misleading, and others which were authentic but dull. It seems to me that in all the wealth of Arctic literature, Peter Freuchen's book occupies a unique place.

FREUCHEN AND HIS ESKIMO WIFE AT THULE. *From "Arctic Adventure."*

Freuchen went North, not as a scientist or an explorer, although he was willing and capable enough to act in either capacity should the occasion demand it, but in his own words, because he wanted to "break with hospitals, study, and the ironies and irritations of life in Copenhagen." For fifteen years, with only slight interruptions, he lived in the Arctic. He turned his hand to whatever demanded his attention. He lived with the Eskimos, really with them and not in the usual condescending and slightly superior manner of the white man. He became one of them in every respect, even marrying an Eskimo woman whom he describes as "one of the finest, sweetest people I have ever known." Through his natural sympathy with the natives, and more particularly through his wife, Freuchen grew to know the Eskimos as no one, with the possible exception of Knud Rasmussen, has ever been able to know them before. He writes about them with admiration and respect.

There is no doubting the sincerity of the book. Nothing is put down because it is "the proper thing to say." It is an intensely interesting account, full of heroic adventures, a complete, though non-technical study of the manners, customs, and traditions of the Thule Eskimos. It gives intimate glimpses of many contemporary explorers, with a character sketch of Knud Rasmussen which it will be difficult for any biographer to equal, much less to excel. And above all, from every page and between the lines, there rises a self portrait, unconsciously drawn, of one of the bravest and most understanding men who have ever gone into the Arctic.

"Ivalu, the Eskimo Wife," also by Peter Freuchen, is a slightly fictionized account of his own experiences during his first years in Greenland, and his marriage there. After reading "Arctic Adventure," it is easy to identify the people and incidents in "Ivalu," even through the changes of names and localities. For those who prefer to learn history through novels rather than through the reading of history itself, "Ivalu" will prove a fascinating and often exciting tale in which neither the people nor the background is misrepresented. It is written from the point of view of the Eskimo regarding the ways of the white man, rather than the reverse which is the more usual. It is unfortunate that a book so well planned and written should be marred by a somewhat careless translation and errors in printing which scarcely seem necessary.

ANTHONY BERTRAM

Clever Young England

LIKE THE PHOENIX. By Anthony Bertram. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SOLDIER, sailor, tinker, tailor, rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief . . . young Mr. Bertram catches them all in their modern presentments in this dragnet cast over modern England: the radical son of a Baron, the Admiral who is for peace and war at one and the same time, the romantic motor bandit, the poet who saved rent by sleeping with his landlady, the unhappy married woman, the aristocratic degenerate —and those two invented demiurges of the book, Peter Fisherboy and the wildly caricatured mammoth, Gillespie of Ben Gillespie. These last-named start this peculiar novel by discussing novel-construction, and pop up again, ever and anon throughout the course of the narrative. There is critical talk, political talk, the talk of stuffed-shirt types, and the talk of harlots. We peer into an aquarium of queer fish by intermittent flashlight; and though Mr. Bertram sometimes strains for effect, he is also entertaining, and sometimes quite moving in his own peculiar way. He is a clever young man, and he has dished into this book just about everything he has read, heard, seen, or heard tell of to date.

But at the end we do not have, exactly, a neat parcel. We end with men and ghosts dividing into conservative and revolutionary forces; with a chorus of mingled voices raised in ironic hosannas; with the ship, upon which Fisherboy and Gillespie are sailing, drifting on rudderless, lights out, through an angry sea. That is, perhaps, the only way a "very modern" novel *can* end. But while granting Mr. Bertram much acuteness and restless intelligence, this reviewer has not found another "Point Counter Point" in his book. For one thing, it is too self-conscious. "Like the Phoenix" is neither Evelyn Waugh nor good red Huxley.

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Jefferson's Influence Today

THE LIVING JEFFERSON. By James Truslow Adams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by GILBERT CHINARD

THIS is more than an occasional book. Timely as it is, it was thought over during many years, undertaken in America, continued and revalued in the light of European observation, and only recently brought to completion by an author who may well be estimated as one of the most original historians of our generation. Writing with the present situation always in mind, and mindful to show the unbroken continuity of three centuries of American democratic tradition, Mr. Adams had no intention of offering a more complete and more comprehensive biography of Jefferson than his numerous predecessors. He has done something different and probably something much more valuable and permanent. From the early days of Reverend Thomas Hooker of Newtown to the eve of the coming presidential election, he has traced the fortunes and vicissitudes of the set of principles and tendencies which may be termed the doctrine of Americanism. It has an epic and dramatic quality resulting from the succession of what the author calls the pulse beats of democracy, recurring with various strength at almost regular intervals from the foundation of the Plymouth colony until, with the defeat of Bryan at the polls, "something went wrong with the rhythm of American life," and confusion began.

If Jefferson occupies the center of the stage, if he is still living, and much more so than any of the founders, he owes this unique distinction to the fact that more than any of his contemporaries, more perhaps than any of his successors with the possible exception of Lincoln, he stands for a doctrine the antecedents of which are very remote, but which owing to fortunate conditions could develop only in this country. Such a doctrine, so felicitously and so simply worded that its expression if not its interpretation is final, is contained in two documents which came from the pen of Jefferson: the Declaration of Independence and his first inaugural address. Both documents, as Mr. Adams aptly remarks, can easily be analyzed critically and some of their logic can be shattered. "Americanism, however, is real if it be not logical and these two documents are the earliest literary sources from which Americans drew long draughts of the pure American doctrine." In other words, Americanism is a state of mind or an ideal, a faith more than a system or a theory. This appeared very clearly in the conflict between Hamilton and Jefferson, too often pictured as a conflict between two personalities or simply two political or economic theories. According to Mr. Adams, this tragic period of American history represents essentially the clash between two different conceptions of life, and this rather new explanation projects a vivid light on this crucial episode of American history and gives a meaning to the further development of the nation.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS
Photographed by Disraeli.

The first of these philosophies, the main if not the first exponent of which in America was Alexander Hamilton, decidedly is, as Mr. Adams points out, of European origin. It is both traditional and pessimistic and rests on the assumption that man is fundamentally bad and incapable of long, intelligent, and sustained effort. It embodies the conclusions of peoples who have suffered the calamities of war, famine, oppression, and bad government, are unable to trust their neighbors and sometimes to trust themselves, and in the words of Gouverneur Morris "feel that they want something to protect them against themselves." Even if such people have democratic aspirations and yearnings, they can only superimpose democracy upon a structure which in spite of all reforms remains essentially oligarchic or aristocratic. If this be granted, the function of government will be to supervise, regulate, restrain, and direct the activities of the citizens or subjects, and it should remain in the hands of a few selected and wise administrators. To some extent this is still the conception of government which prevails in continental Europe where whatever modicum of democracy has been obtained is tempered with a strong bureaucratic system.

THOMAS JEFFERSON
From the portrait by Sully.

Thus in the early days of the Republic the issue was joined between "those who trusted the sense, honesty, and capacity of the people in the last resort, and those who did not; between those who believed the people could rule and those who believed that they must be ruled." Jefferson had travelled too much and was too good a student of history to believe that all peoples are equally fit and ready for self-government, but he had retained enough idealism and optimism to hold that his fellow-countrymen had already developed certain traditions and habits of mind that would enable them to experiment without disaster to the nation. Much more of a liberal than of a democrat in the loose sense of the word, he never thought that the common man ought to be trusted under all circumstances to exercise all functions of government, but he simply believed that there was enough sense among the voters to enable them to select wise delegates and to defeat at the polls those who had not fulfilled their mandates honestly and properly. To him the Constitution itself was no sacred document, and he even proposed that it should be resubmitted to the people at regular intervals and by them amended in order to fit new conditions; but he firmly believed that it rested on a few permanent and inalienable principles or rights which he had enunciated himself in the Declaration.

It would be idle to speculate whether Jefferson today would favor any of the existing parties, and Mr. Adams is too good a historian and too penetrating an observer to make any such claim in the pitiless dissection of the Roosevelt administration which constitutes his last chapter. The "Revolution of 1800," however, has not settled the issue between Jefferson and Hamilton, and both of them are "living" today. When reduced to the fundamentals their doctrines express two states of mind, two attitudes towards life and man which can be easily recognized throughout the historical development of the nation. To whichever side they belong those who believe that there is an American tradition and that the country's destiny is not solely determined by an economic fatality will not fail to realize from this lucid and fervent presentation of the Jeffersonian doctrine that the principles involved in the present crisis of democracy transcend the interests of the moment and of party politics.

Gilbert Chinard, who is a member of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University, is the author of "Jefferson, Apostle of Americanism."

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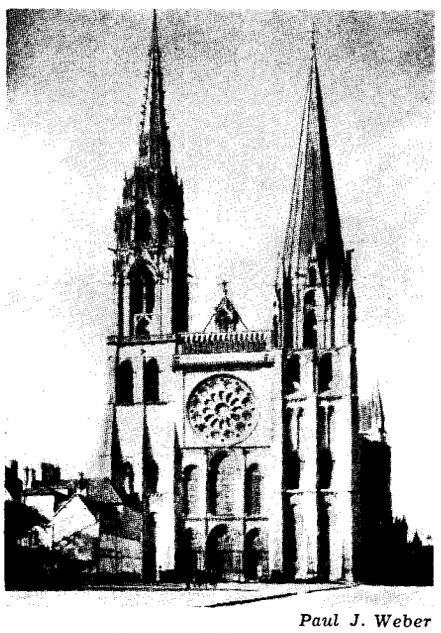
Henry Adams after Thirty Years

MONT-SAINT-MICHEL AND CHARTRES. By Henry Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

HAD the late Henry Adams instead of being the most withdrawing of scholars and gentlemen been the most pushful and Machiavellian of publishers, he hardly could have planned more shrewdly for his literary fame. Privately printed in 1906 and 1907, respectively, "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres" and "The Education of Henry Adams" were launched in a precious atmosphere of privacy and mystery. They were legendary before they were read. To own either book was a patent of intellectual and social nobility; merely to have seen either was a distinction. For some years the happy indiscretions of lenders and borrowers gradually divulged alluring examples from these two widely differing works. One sensed a troubled soul which in life had found only increasing whirl and confusion, retreating to that world of relative security which built the cathedrals and the great theological systems and created the cult of the Virgin. In 1913 "Mont-Saint-Michel" was published under the auspices of the American Institute of Architects; in 1918, the "Education" followed. Launched on a legend, the books now had to undergo the ordinary fate of all published matter. How have they stood the test?

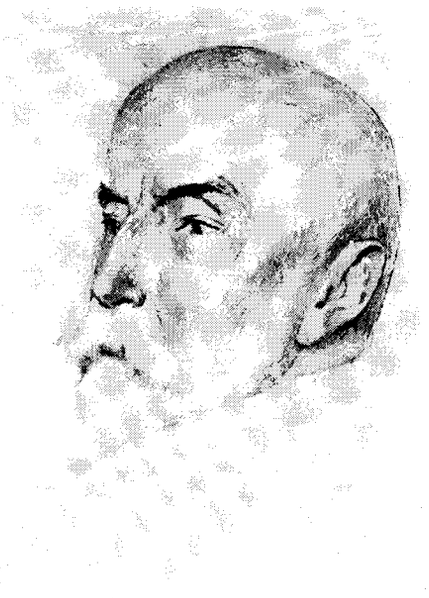
The answer for "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres" seems clear. For over twenty years all sensible college teachers in medieval history or the history of art have made it preferred reading, to the delight of thousands of intelligent students. For a generation of discerning travellers and readers it has become a classic. It is they who will especially welcome a new popular edition which is not too bulky to put in a satchel. Yes, the survival value of this book seems fully assured, and it may seem only an idle curiosity, though I shall soon indulge it, to ask, why?



Paul J. Weber
CHARTRES CATHEDRAL

The case for "The Education" does not seem to me so clear. I have no doubt it will also pass into the permanency of popular reprints, perhaps, without my knowledge it has already done so. But I doubt if it will long hold its own among great autobiographies. Its taste is too acid without being tonic; its skepticism lacks focus; it suggests a person without dislikes or likes, a mind very flexible and distinguished but much fatigued and not a little bewildered. The contrast of style between the two books is amazing and disconcerting. In "The Education" there is a forced and unnatural detachment. The author holds himself at a distance as if to inspect impaled on its pin a rather obnoxious yet interesting insect. In "Mont-Saint-Michel," on the contrary, the author fairly pushes himself into the narrative, lives lustily with the jongleurs and knights and abbots; sententiously and dialectically with his schoolmen; fraternally with his mystics; while towards the Blessed Virgin Mary his attitude at times is that of a fairly flirtatious tenderness. This difference in style rests somewhat on difference of audience. It was one thing to address the frustrated worldling Henry Adams; quite another to edify and divert a charming niece with a kodak.

To write anything resembling a review about a classic like "Mont-Saint-Michel," would be indeed absurd. Yet I feel there is room for a word on its distinctiveness when compared with the standard treatises on the Middle Ages—say, Hallam, Rio, or that admirable contemporary work, H. O. Taylor's "The Mediæval Mind." First, Henry Adams's ostensibly amateur adventure has the advantage of a large and compelling generalization—the passage from faith in an infallible God of battles, through an interlude of expansive mysticism and of irresponsible Mariolatry, to the age of syllogisms and tight systems, and all these movements of the spirit are made to reflect themselves in contemporary poetry and architecture. The larger literary genius of Henry Adams is shown in the manner in which without insistence or artificiality he never lets the reader lose sight of these analogies. You are reading about heroic St. Michael's Mount, and without transition you are hearing the "Chanson de Roland." Are you considering the articulation of St. Thomas's "Summa"? Yes, but you are also considering the structural logic of



HENRY ADAMS
Drawing by John Briggs Potter.

Amiens Cathedral. Indeed the book is conceived in the musical form of a canon. One or the other of the three parts swells or dwindles, but the three parts are always there. To carry this off required initial insight and subsequent tact of the first order.

Apart from this larger ordinance, the gusto and vitality of the book give it distinction. Much that is actually thin in quotation and comment becomes very rich through assuming multiple meanings. Finally it has the charm of a nostalgic work which is too decent to assert its underlying nostalgia. It is no wonder that the mind that was already facing the vision of an acceleration that might end our civilization—it is no wonder that such a mind recoiled towards the great ages of faith. It is thoroughly characteristic of the inveterate coquetry of the author, that he beats this retreat not for the sake of the disillusioned old patrician that he was, but, ostensibly, to save a pretty niece with a kodak the ennui of reading too many guide books.

It must be admitted that the Middle Ages which Henry Adams exhibits to us, betray too much of his own whimsical protective coloring. This is more or less inevitable, for all history, as Professor Simkhovitch has been showing us, is merely the advertising of the personal attitudes of so many historians. The large distinction between histories, to modify Victor Hugo's fundamental distinction of the *genres,* is between those that are alive, and those that are not. To the very lively category "Mont-Saint-Michel" emphatically belongs.

Frank Jewett Mather is professor of art and archeology at Princeton University and one of the foremost art critics of the United States.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Mind Erosion

EVEN the dust storms and the floods are being charged against the New Deal! And some way may yet be found to prove that soil erosion is a subtle form of Administration propaganda. There was a suspicious timing of the new Agricultural bills with the incidence of widespread devastation. Soil erosion is introduced to a Congress at least half of which never heard of the term, or associated it with foreign countries like China,—then behold, the heavens open, the winds blow a million tons of the Panhandle across the Plains, drifting yellow snow on the Alleghanies and dust upon New York. After which the floods descend, washing the looser parts of Connecticut and Pennsylvania into Long Island Sound and the Chesapeake. And soil erosion, despite what the Supreme Court may or may not say, becomes a national emergency. Indeed it was an earlier Federal Department of Agriculture that propagandized dry farming in the Western states which now are blowing so disastrously eastward. And it was New York and Pennsylvania lumber interests slaughtering the hardwood forests of North Carolina that were responsible for the final devastation by flood of the great rice plantations of South Carolina.

We who write and read have an interest by no means political or financial in this erosion of a continent. At the moment when regionalism is stronger than ever before in our literature, our regions themselves are losing the soil and its accompaniments which gave them individuality. Erosion is only one of the factors which are changing the American background with frightening rapidity. The spreading chestnut tree under which the village smithy stood now must be explained to the new generation, for the many millions of chestnuts that lifted above our Eastern forests and perfumed June with their sour-sweet blossoms are dead of a fungus brought in from the Orient, probably by some nurseryman eager to enrich our flora and himself. Now the elms are going for a like cause. A New England without its elms is unthinkable but not improbable. The buttonwoods that Thoreau so loved are hard pressed, the wild cherry is a tent for caterpillars, the gray birch blights by August, the pines are beset by diseases. It begins to seem possible that the New England poetry of the last century will some day need as much annotation as Virgil's "Georgics."

As for erosion, only careful readers of our earliest descriptive literature can know what a vast difference there is between the country which was America in 1776 and our own United States. The magnificent Appalachian forest is substantially all gone, and its rich soil run down hill to supply endless pork for the dredgers of harbors and river channels. Our Eastern mountains are now poor barren things, with a scurf of sandy soil left after repeated burnings, unhealthy trees, and bare washed tops rising more and more abundantly above the still urgent sapling growth. Now the prairies begin to wash seaward, while the plains drift like snow.

Per contra we have added some feeble forest planting, begun a generation too late, some dams, and roads. But these magnificent American roads are a little like the Roman military roads which ran through a country that the Romans had made a desert in the name of peace. With this addition, that our roads tend to drag a slum after them from city to city, so that gasoline billboards and refreshment stands become the national characteristics of the country as we see it.

The effect of all this upon the literary imagination is obvious. A rough classification of novels and plays about America in the last two or three decades might run about this way: The literature of industrialism; books and plays about city life based upon industrialism, some flippant, some critical, some satirical, but all aware of the country only as a week-end place or the home of a forgotten youth. The Literature of Erosion; plays and books dealing with the results of a run-down farm — share-croppers, ruined peach growers, oppressed laborers, Negroes going back toward savagery, women crazy with wind and dust. The Literature of Escape; books and plays about youth running away from farm life to the city, making good there (old style) or (new style) being ruined and flung back to the depleted soil.

Fortunately there is a good deal of America not yet run down the gutters. We shall never get back the Appalachian forest, but there are still Appalachian valleys unwashed and of a delectable loveliness. And in the West, man with his irrigation constructs instead of destroys. Even New England, whose top layer ran off generations ago, has settled into a pinched but authentic charm that seems to be stable in spite of the mill towns in the valleys. We are still as well off as the Chinese of say the Ming dynasty, when the art of landscape painting reached to a beautiful serenity. And a million tons of loam washed seaward is not too great a price to pay if the public becomes conscious that our "native land" is capital, and not income to be ruthlessly used to make the rich richer in money, but all of us poorer in resources both spiritual and financial.

No living being exists apart from his environment; hence if the country erodes into poor-white gullies, something of the mind erodes with it. The brittle hardness of New York is not a safe background for all the people of a great race; nor are the slums-in-the-country that one finds along the Boston Post Road or on the margins of Los Angeles, hopeful substitutes for the environment in which the nation grew to maturity.

Book Sharing

The depression, as everyone knows, has borne hard on organized charity and charitable institutions as well as upon individuals. Hospitals, asylums, churches, and other similar associations have for years now been without funds except for the sternest necessities. The purchase of books for the use of their beneficiaries has long been beyond their means, with the result that such collections as were available for distribution have not only not increased in size but have been sadly depleted by wear and tear. To remedy this condition there has just been formed in Greater New York a committee of prominent men and women to sponsor a Book Sharing Week. The committee's objective is to secure the donation of a million used books for allocation to the six hundred institutions which have already applied for them. The public is urged to contribute such works as they have tested and deem worthy of further reading. The drive should have enthusiastic support.

Ten Years Ago

In the Spring Announcement Number in 1926, Thomas Beer reviewed "Spanish Bayonet" by Stephen Vincent Benét. Mr. Beer had a number of minor criticisms, but he concluded his review—*"The novel of the American past begins, here, to escape from the ordinary settings as, with Mr. Hergesheimer, it escaped from the ordinary inflections of the elder historical novel. How far can the thing go on? Are we to have non-patriotic and unflattering tales of early Alabama, early Missouri, and perhaps, at last, of Puritan New England? Mr. Benét's resolute and impenitent appearance in this field rouses a hope that he may look for more material."*

Today

Stephen Vincent Benét's poem, which appears on page 10 of this issue, will be included in his new book of poems, "Burning City," which is to be published soon.

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Letters to the Editor: *The Authors' League and the Copyright Bill*

Case Against the Duffy Bill

SIR:—The Duffy Copyright Bill, which passed the Senate last year, is now under consideration by the House Patents Committee; and your recent editorial in enthusiastic support of it calls for some reply from the authors of America, the overwhelming majority of whom are organized in the Authors' League. The Duffy Bill provides for American entrance into the International Copyright Union, and in your zeal for this desirable reform you insist that passage of the bill should not be delayed by "special interests greedy for their slice." You should have used the singular, not the plural; the bill takes care of all but one of the interests which make money out of an author's writings. Publishers, magazines, motion pictures, and notably radio broadcasters—all of them get their slice; everybody but the author. No doubt the author is the humblest of God's creatures, but without him there would be no publishers, no magazines, few motion pictures, not so much radio; and, may I point out, no *Saturday Review*.

Entrance into the International Copyright Union is a worthy objective, but of increasingly less practical value to American authors under present conditions. Several foreign countries forbid the taking out of any money you may earn there; to get any value out of, say, your Australian royalties, you must go to Australia to spend them—and Australian royalties are not commonly large enough to finance the trip. Germany, at latest reports, refuses copyright privileges to non-Aryan authors of any nationality. Other countries have limited American motion pictures by the quota system. All in all, the foreign market is at present worth too little for American authors to buy improved conditions there at the price of worse conditions in the domestic market.

It is no doubt humiliating for American authors to get copyright on the continent of Europe, as at present, under the fiction that they are British subjects; it will be still more humiliating for them to submit to discriminatory treatment in their own country, as provided by the Duffy Bill. That measure gives automatic copyright in the United States to authors of all foreign countries in the International Copyright Union; but not to American authors, who have to go through the formalities of registration. No explanation for this discrimination has ever been given. Further, after the author has got his copyright, the Duffy Bill throws such numerous safeguards around the "innocent infringer" (an extremely rare animal) that it offers attractive openings to the guilty infringer; as well as making it extremely difficult for the author to protect his work against mutilations that will make it, and him, ridiculous.

High-minded men insist that we must enter the International Copyright Union to safeguard the interests of the foreign author in the United States. Looking back over the past decade or two, it does not appear that foreign authors have suffered any grave injustice in this country. If they have, let those injustices be corrected by all means; but why, to accomplish that worthy end, sell the American author down the river to the more disreputable sections of the radio and motion-picture industries?

ELMER DAVIS,
Vice-President Authors' League.
New York City.

"TELL HIM TO GET ANOTHER POET LAUREATE. I'M NOT WRITING ANY ODE TO SPRING THIS YEAR."

Sidney Lanier

SIR:—Kindly permit me belatedly to correct a false impression that may have been made at the last meeting of the Modern Language Association by a distinguished specialist in eighteenth century English literature when he referred to Lanier as a "lady-like professor." The learned gentleman had in mind Lanier's aversion to the classic English novelists of the 18th century, who pleased so "wickedly" that their novels seemed to the pure-minded poet only "muck."

It is true that Lanier's worship of moral beauty,—the "holiness of beauty," which meant to him the same as the beauty of holiness,—did warp his judgment of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne. For, like Santayana, he held that "nothing but the good of life enters into the texture of the beautiful."

Yet Lanier was anything but effeminate, as the epithet "lady-like" suggests. Indeed, Aubrey Starke, in his excellent biography of the poet, asserts that he was thoroughly manly, and agrees with Professor Mims, an earlier biographer, that he was always a fighter—not only against ill health and poverty, but also against injustice and oppression. When his fiery temper was aroused to anger, he was as bold as a lion. All in all, he was a shining example of the type of manhood he held before his sons as an ideal: "a large and hearty manhood, compounded of strength and love." Little wonder, then, that his distinguished chief at Johns Hopkins University, President Daniel Coit Gilman, once remarked to him: "You seem to me yourself a valiant knight, fighting against ill health and other opponents a fight for all that is noble and inspiring."

GILBERT P. VOIGT.
Wittenberg College,
Springfield, Ohio.

Discriminating

SIR:—I have been much interested in the discussion in your pages concerning amateur and professional book reviewers. In relation to this discussion, I should like to remark that Miss Amy Loveman's recent review of Rebecca West's "The Thinking Reed" is the type of professional book review that causes the discriminating reader to gnash his teeth in rage or despair . . . When I read such reviews my conclusion almost always is that the reviewer did not read the book; possibly that is the difficulty with Miss Loveman's review.

We have had practically no honest books about women, and when one appears that is not only honest but brilliant and witty and full of discernment without malice, it is almost a crime for a magazine of your standing to damn it as heartily as Miss Loveman's review has done.

HOPE HOLWAY.
Tulsa, Okla.

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Complaint of Body, the Ass, Against His Rider, the Soul.

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Body:

WELL, here we go!
I told you that the weather looked like snow.
Why couldn't we have stayed there at the inn?
There was good straw and barley in the bin
And a grey jenny with a melting eye,
Neat-hoofed and sly—I rather like them sly—
Master a trader and a man of sense.
He likes his life and dinner. So do I.
Sleeps warm and doesn't try to cross a pass
A mountain-goat would balk at in his prime,
Where the hail falls as big as Peter's Pence
And every stone you slip on rolls a mile!
But that's not you, of course—that's not our style—
We're far too dandipratted and sublime!
Which of us is the ass?

Good ground, beyond the snow?
I've heard that little song before, you know.
Past cliff and ragged mount
And the wind's skinning-knife,
Far and forever far,
The water of the fount,
The water that is life
And the bright star?
Give me my water from a decent trough,
Not dabs of ice licked out of freezing stone
And, as for stars, why, let the stars alone,
You'll have us both in glory soon enough!

Alas, alack!
I'm carrying an idiot on my back.
I'm carrying Mr. Who to God Knows Where.
Oh, do not fix me with that burning stare
Of beauteous disdain!
I'm not a colt. I know my ass's rights.
A stall and fodder and sound sleep of nights.
One can't expect to live on sugarcane
But what's the sense, when one grows old and stiff,
Of scrambling up this devil-haunted cliff
To play hot cockles with the Northern Lights?
I'll balk, that's what I'll do!
And all the worse for you!
Oh, lash me if you like—I know your way—
Rake my poor sides and leave the bloody weal
Beneath your spurring steel.
My lungs are fire and my limbs are lead.
Go on ahead? I can't go on ahead.
Desert you in your need? Nay, master, nay.

Nay, master, nay; I grumble as I must
And yet, as you perceive, I do go on,
Grudging, impenitent and full of fear
And knowing my own death.
You have no fear because you have no breath.
Your silver essence knows nor cold nor heat.
Your world's beyond. My only world is here.
(Oh, the sweet rollings in the summer dust,
The smell of hay and thistles and the street,
The quick life, done so soon!)
You'll have your guerdon when the journey's done.
You'll play the hero where the wine is poured,
You and the moon—but I
Who served you well and shall become a bone,
Why do I live when it must be to die?
Why should I serve—and still have no reward?

Soul:

Your plaint is sound, yet I must rule you still
With bridle, bit and will.
For, without me, you are the child unborn
And the infertile corn.
I am not cruelty but I am he,
Drowning in sea, who yet disdains the sea,
And you that sea, that shore
And the brave, laboring oar,
Little upon the main,
That drives on reefs I know not of but does not drive in vain.
For I'm your master but your scholar, too,
And learn great things of you.
And, though I shall forsake you, nothing loth,
To grumble with the clods,
To sleep into the stone,
I'll answer for us both
When I stand up alone.
For it is part as your ambassador
I go before
To tell the gods who sit above the show,
How, in this world they never stoop to know,
Under what skies, against what mortal odds,
The dust grows noble with desire and pain,
And that not once but every day anew.

WOODCUT BY WOLF TRAUT: *Illustrating a life of St. Francis, written by St. Bonaventura* (1512).

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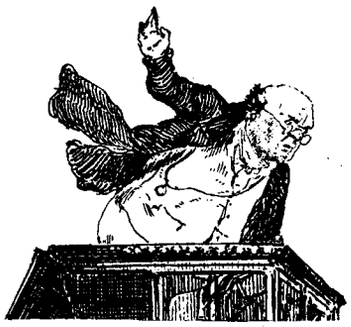
A Debt to Dickens

BY PEARL S. BUCK

I HAVE long looked for an opportunity* to pay a certain debt which I have owed since I was seven years old. Debts are usually burdens, but this is no ordinary debt, and it is no burden, except as the feeling of warm gratitude may ache in one until it is expressed. My debt is to an Englishman, who long ago in China rendered an inestimable service to a small American child. That child was myself and that Englishman was Charles Dickens. I know no better way to meet my obligation than to write down what Charles Dickens did in China for an American child.



PHIZ'S PICKWICK

First, you must picture to yourself that child, living quite solitary in a remote Chinese countryside, in a small mission bungalow perched upon a hill among the rice fields in the valleys below. In the near distance wound that deep, treacherous, golden river, the Yangtse, and some of the most terrifying and sinister, as well as the most delightful and exciting moments of that child's life, were spent beside the river. She loved to crawl along its banks upon the rocks or upon the muddy flats and watch for the lifting of the huge four-square nets that hung into the moving yellow flood, and see out of that flood come perhaps again and again an empty net, but sometimes great flashing, twisting silver bodies of fish. She lingered beside villages of boat folk, and saw them live, the babies tied to a rope and splashing in the shallower waters. But she saw babies dead thrown into the deep waters. She wandered small and alien among the farm folk in the earthen houses among the fields. She accepted a bowl of rice and cabbage often at meal time and sat among the peasants on the threshing floor about the door and ate, usually in silence, listening and listening, answering their kindly, careless questions, bearing with shy, painful smiles their kind, teasing laughter at her yellow curls and unfortunate blue eyes, which they thought so ugly. She was, she knew, very alien. Upon the streets of the great city where sometimes she went she learned to accept the cry of foreign devil, and to realize she was a foreign devil. Once when she was very very small, before she knew better, she turned as worms will, and flung back a word she had learned among the boat folk when they quarrelled. It was a word so wicked that the youth who called her foreign devil ran howling with terror, and thereafter she went more contentedly, not using the word any more because of its great wickedness, but knowing she had it to use if she needed it very much.

She grew from a very tiny child into a bigger child, still knowing she was alien. However kindly the people about her might be, and they were much more often kind than not, she knew that she was foreign to them. And she wondered very much about her own folk and where they were and how they looked and at what they played. But she did not know. In the bungalow were her parents, very busy, very, very busy, and when she had learned her lessons in the morning quickly, they were too busy to pay much heed to her and so she wandered about a great deal, seeing and learning all sorts of things. She had fun. But very often she used to wonder, "Where are the other children like me? What is it like in the country where they live?" She longed very much, I can remember, to have some of them to play with. But she never had them.

To this small, isolated creature there came one day an extraordinary accident. She was an impossibly voracious reader. She would like to have had children's books, but there were none, and so she read everything,—Plutarch's "Lives" and Fox's "Martyrs," the Bible, church history, and the hot spots in Jonathan Edwards's sermons, and conversations out of Shakespeare, and bits of Tennyson and Browning which she could not understand at all. Then one day she looked doubtfully at a long row of somber blue books on a very high shelf. They were quite beyond her reach. Later she discovered this was because they were novels. But being desperate she put a three-cornered bamboo stool on top of a small table and climbed up and stared at the bindings and in faded black titles she read "Oliver Twist," by Charles Dickens. She was then a little past seven years old. It was a very hot August day, in the afternoon about three o'clock, when the household was asleep, all except the indefatigable parents, and they were very, very busy. She took "Oliver Twist" out of his place—it was fat and thick, for "Hard Times" was bound with it—and in great peril descended, and stopping in the pantry for a pocket full of peanuts, she made off to a secret corner of the veranda into which only a small, agile child could squeeze, and opened the closely printed pages of an old edition, and discovered her playmates.

SEYMOUR'S PICKWICK

How can I make you know what that discovery was to that small, lonely child? There in that corner above the country road in China, with vendors passing beneath me, I entered into my own heritage. I cannot tell you about those hours. I know I was roused at six o'clock by the call to my supper, and I looked about dazed, to discover the long rays of the late afternoon sun streaming across the valleys. I remember twice I closed the book and burst into tears, unable to bear the tragedy of Oliver Twist, and then opened it quickly again, burning to know more. I remember, most significant of all, that I forgot to touch a peanut, and my pocket was still quite full when I was called. I went to my supper in a dream, and read as late as I dared in my bed afterward, and slept with the book under my pillow, and woke again in the early morning. When "Oliver Twist" was finished, and after it "Hard Times," I was wretched with indecision. I felt I must read it all straight over again, and yet I was voracious for that long row of blue books. What was in them? I climbed up again, finally, and put "Oliver Twist" at the beginning, and began on the next one, which was "David Copperfield." I resolved to read straight through the row and then begin at the beginning once more and read straight through again.

This program I carried on consistently, over and over, for about ten years, and after that I still kept a Dickens book on hand, so to speak, to dip into and feel myself at home again. Today I have for him a feeling which I have for no other human soul. He opened my eyes to people, he taught me to love all sorts of people, high and low, rich and poor, the old and little children. He taught me to hate hypocrisy and pious mouthing of unctuous words. He taught me that beneath gruffness there may be kindness, and that kindness is the sweetest thing in the world, and goodness is the best thing in the world. He taught me to de-

(*Continued on page* 20)

**This week marks the hundredth anniversary of the publication of the first instalment of "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."—The Editor.*

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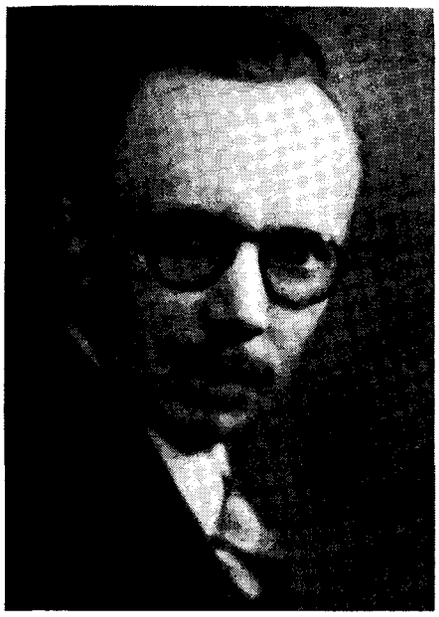
Four Authors Find



FLETCHER PRATT

HAIL, CAESAR! By Fletcher Pratt. New York: Random House. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. FLETCHER PRATT has written a biography and a psychography, an account of what Caesar did and an attempt to discover what he was, which is far from easy reading, but will be eminently worth the trouble for anybody who wants to know about Caesar. No writer, whether of history or of fiction, has ever presented a satisfying picture of Caesar, for the possible reason that Caesar was bigger in all dimensions than anybody who has ever written about him. That Shakespeare's picture of Caesar happens to be one of the least adequate is perhaps unimportant, since Shakespeare was interested in Caesar only as the hub around which his plot revolved; just as Shaw's Caesar is what Shaw would have been in Caesar's place. It might be supposed in general that the greater the stature of the writer, the nearer he could come to appreciating a character of the largest size; yet there is in all first-rate literature no more ludicrously inadequate picture of a first-rate historical character than Tolstoy's Napoleon.

Which is only to say that lesser men than Shaw or Shakespeare may in some cases do a better job. Talbot Mundy in "Tros of Samothrace" presented admirably one aspect of Caesar—the way he looked to foreigners who happened to be in his way—and in "Queen Cleopatra" indicated some of the reasons why men who had once hated him found themselves serving him; and Mr. Pratt seems in some respects to have come closer to the essential Caesar than anyone else.

His book is hard to read; he plunges into the middle of his story, with the episode of Clodius at the Bona Dea mysteries, and you must have a pretty fair prior knowledge of what it is all about to be able to follow him. Also his style is so compressed as often to be cryptic, and his vocabulary abounds in unexpected terms that are a stumbling-block to the reader. Yet a good deal of the story, naturally, is the account of Caesar's campaigns, and here Mr. Pratt's lucidity is magnificent. Not in vain has he studied Caesar's own reports; his battle pictures are first-rate and his analysis of strategy that sometimes baffled ancient writers is not only clear but convincing. But more interesting than his account of what Caesar did are his intuitions of what Caesar was.

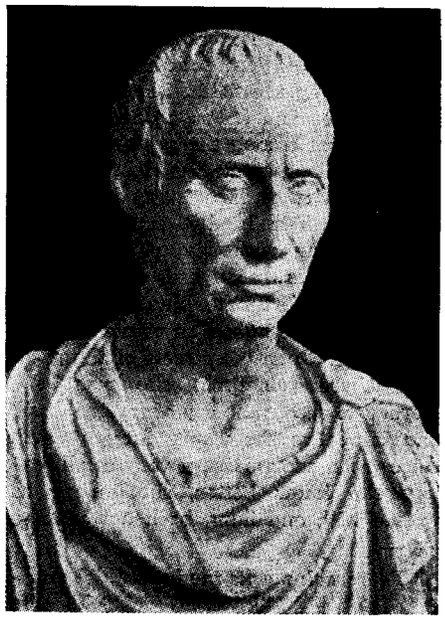
A connoisseur of all the arts, on such a spacious scale as to need a better term than connoisseur to define him, and at the same time a ward politician; Mr. Pratt separates these personalities, calls them Julius Caesar and "Caius-Jack" Caesar. Maybe yes, maybe no; at any rate the two personalities were there in the man known as Gaius Julius Caesar, and Mr. Pratt's interpretation is perhaps as good as anybody's. A moderate reformer, in the beginning, till his consulship showed him that Rome was past reform. What Caesar was working toward thereafter (gradually, not perceiving it himself for a long time) Mr. Pratt conjectures in the chapter dryly termed "Footnote to History: which may be omitted without interrupting the narrative." Don't omit it; the Pratt theory may be influenced by what subsequently happened under the Empire, but it makes better sense than the doctrines of some respected historians.

Still better is the account of Caesar's military career. "He was never a great soldier, he was not even a good soldier, in the technical sense. . . . How then did he achieve military results that have been the admiration of soldiers for twenty centuries? . . . His system is not that of a military man, but rather the application to war of a prodigious intelligence" that achieved equal results in any problem to which it happened to be applied. This is documented, with chapter and verse from Caesar's campaigns; it will be hard to give Pratt any argument on that.

The prodigious intelligence, to be sure, did not achieve satisfactory results in its final problem; Caesar, ruler of the world, revolving vast schemes of reorganization, got on the nerves of petty men so that they banded together and murdered him. His failure to remember other men's opinions as a factor in politics has frequently been ascribed to the influence of Cleopatra; Mr. Pratt on the whole would agree, but he analyzes that influence more convincingly than any of the historians. Caesar was not senile, not suffering from an old man's "girl-fever" when he landed at Alexandria; but he found Cleopatra a new experience. Women equally hot Caesar had known before, but she was a woman of brilliant intelligence too; "she passed over easily and naturally from physical delirium to intellectual companionship, from fire to ice"; and more especially her political opinions were completely different from his, different from any that were held in Rome where a great variety of political opinions had been hotly debated for decades; she could give Caesar an argument, an argument on fundamentals such as he had never encountered before. This, Mr. Pratt concedes, is inference; but inference that explains better than any other theory why Caesar to some extent made a fool of himself over a woman, at a time when it was imperative that he should not make a fool of himself for any reason at all.

The analyses of Roman politics, always bold, always interesting, are not always convincing; and neither are the estimates of some of the subsidiary characters. Mark Antony, for instance, was very far from a proletarian, and the inferences partly supported by his alleged proletarianism, while they may be sound, need some other prop than that. Nor does Pompey seem to have had the concrete intentions with which Mr. Pratt credits him in the years after Julia's death; that happy but indolent warrior was fairly well satisfied, provided nobody shook his pedestal. But Mr. Pratt's primary business is to show us Caesar, and to this reviewer he seems on the whole to have come nearer doing that than has anyone else.

But a book which is the result of so much research, and has been so admirably manufactured, should not have been disfigured by execrable proofreading.



JULIUS CAESAR

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New Roads to Rome

CAESAR'S MANTLE. By Ferdinand Mainzer. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. $3.

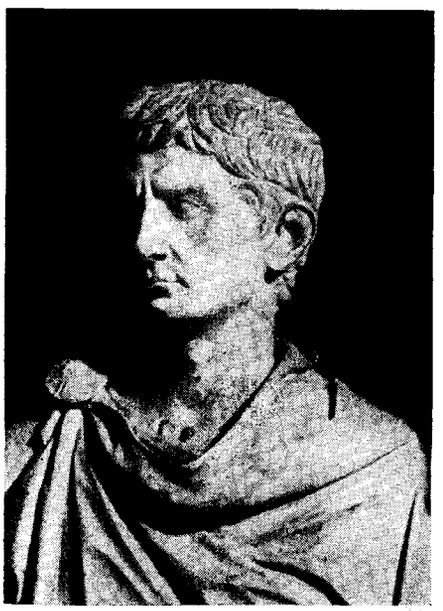
AUGUSTUS. By Günther Birkenfeld. New York: Liveright, Inc. 1936. $2.50.

GOLDEN PEACOCK. By Gertrude Atherton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER

ON the walls of a temple in the new capital of Turkey can still be read one of the world's most famous inscriptions, a copy of the document which originally stood in Rome, wherein Augustus gave an account of his acts. It was the account by which he desired that posterity should judge him, and as a record of events it is of inestimable value. But for complete absence of personal expression it is equal to the still better known Commentaries of Julius Caesar. Yet if there ever was a period in human history when personality swayed events, it was that period which opened with Caesar and closed with Augustus. And it is impossible to read their calm and detached statements without a desire to see something of the men behind the words. Speculation as to their real nature began in their own times and has continued ever since, and where fact was not available or seemed insufficient there has always been an impulse to turn to fiction.

Ferdinand Mainzer has made no use of fiction except at second hand; that is, he has based his account of the years between Caesar's assassination and Octavian's assumption of the title of Augustus on the ancient records, clothing the skeleton of chronology with flesh and blood only so far as is warranted at least by the speculation of authors near enough the time to have some weight as witnesses. His book is the fruit of much reading and much thought, of an honest desire to get at the truth and a freedom from bias which is always uncommon and is, at the moment, unfashionable as well. The touchstone for histories of this period is their treatment of Cicero; prejudice, propaganda, and mere shallowness show most clearly in dealing with that complicated figure whom we know so well from his own words that he is as difficult to put into a neat formula as one of our own contemporaries. There is no attempt to distort in this book and while no estimate of Cicero will ever be final, this one is good enough to prove the author's critical ability. The book is not written for scholars—its only documentation consists of useful maps in the form of end papers. It is essentially a combination of the sources presented with great ability.



AUGUSTUS

By confining himself to the period of struggle for dominance Mainzer has avoided one of the most difficult problems: how to reconcile the hardness of Octavian's early ambition with his later benevolence. Günther Birkenfeld, whose tale goes through to Augustus's death, has simplified that problem by resort to fiction. He too relies principally on the ancient sources though he is obviously under no obligation to use them critically since his book is frankly called "Augustus. A Novel." Still he has read them to good purpose, and the result is a breadth and tolerance in refreshing contrast to the sensational or tendentious monstrosities which sometimes appear as biographies. The fiction is used either to supply conversations and psychological reactions, or to bring the events into a smooth and consistent pattern. So Augustus is made supersensitive in his early days; Antony is a ruffian, Maecenas a fop, Virgil an oriental mystic. It is more a matter of emphasis and proportion than of invention and though some distortion results, the resultant picture is doubtless easier to keep in mind than a truer but more complicated analysis. Unity is given to the latter part of the story by the general thesis that Octavian's marriage with Livia was the source of all his troubles, and a very effective account is given of the contest between the Julian and the Claudian interests. Its interest is chiefly historical, but that is not slight.

The maximum of fiction and the minimum of history is the combination employed in Mrs. Atherton's "Golden Peacock." Into the Rome of Augustus is introduced, by way of heroine, a flapper whose genus is not in the least concealed

FERDINAND MAINZER

by her Roman name, her antique coiffure, or her thorough acquaintance with the better known facts of classical antiquity. She is a ward of Horace, an heiress of importance, courage, virtue, and indiscretion, thoroughly satisfied with herself and under the amazing impression that her prose style is like Thucydides. The great plot which she helps to thwart is ingenious and on the whole plausible, and the famous figures with whom she associates are consistently drawn. But as a reflection of the times the book fails to convince. The trouble is not in detail but in the essential spirit. A symptom of the weakness is the fact that Livia is spoken of as the Empress, throughout, and the heroine's grasp of constitutional matters proves that she had not only lived in the days of Augustus but had also read with care the "Cambridge Ancient History," Vol. X. The only serious attempts at characterization are Horace and Augustus's daughter, Julia. Mrs. Atherton's guess is as good as anyone's as to the real nature of that lurid young lady, but not many readers of Horace will feel that their understanding of him has been much advanced. Most of them, I fear, will find it hard to forgive the green night cap.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Within the last year there has appeared an unusual number of books, in fiction and non-fiction, dealing with the history of Rome. In connection with the foregoing reviews, it is of interest to note, among other recent titles, the following:

MONUMENTS AND MEN OF ANCIENT ROME. By Grant Showerman.
ROME AND THE WORLD TODAY. By H. S. Hadley.
TWELVE CENTURIES OF ROME. By G. P. Baker.
ROMAN STUDIES. By A. Forestier.
CICERO. The Fall of a Republic. By G. C. Richards.
FREEDOM, FAREWELL! By Phyllis Bentley.
THE JEW OF ROME. By Lion Feuchtwanger.

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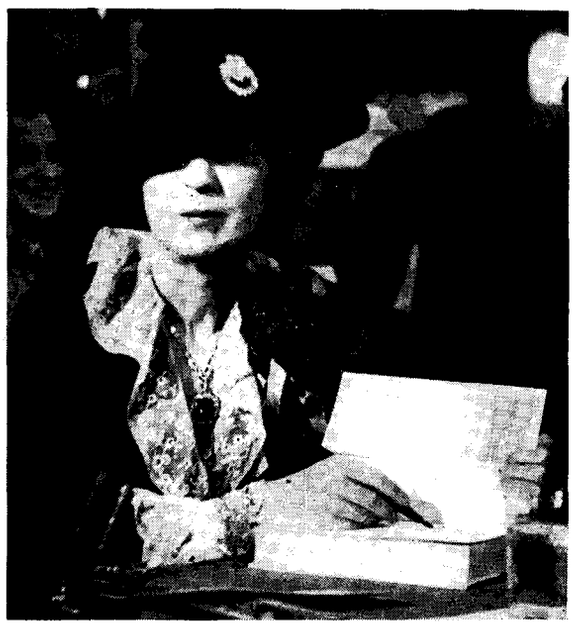
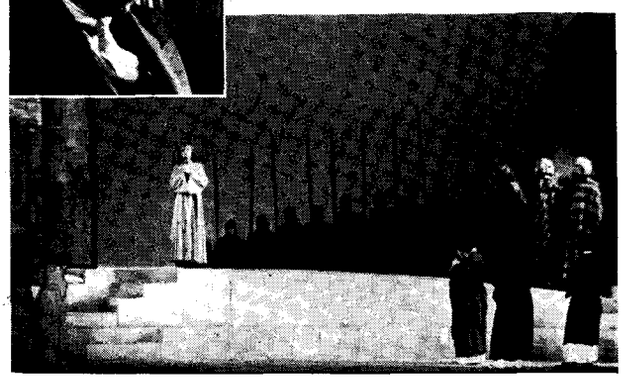
Covering All Fronts

Saturday Review News Pictures of the Month by Robert Disraeli



Covering the New York waterfront, Max Miller (above) takes a look at the East River. His latest book is "Fog and Men on Bering Sea." . . . Evalyn Walsh McLean (right) wears the Hope diamond while she autographs copies of "Father Struck It Rich" at Brentano's.



Covering the dramatic front: Robert E. Sherwood (left), author of the current success, "Idiot's Delight," in his N. Y. apartment. . . . Below, a scene from T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," as produced by the Federal Theatre.

Covering the publishing front: Gina Kaus, author of "Catherine: the Portrait of an Empress," talks with her publisher, B. W. Huebsch of the Viking Press. The occasion is a literary tea in honor of Mrs. Kaus's first visit to the United States. She isn't lecturing this trip, but she may go to Hollywood.

Two young publishers who wrote first novels, published this spring, are Josiah Titzell of Doubleday (left) and Ramona Herdman of Harpers (right). Here they are in their offices. Miss Herdman is the author of "A Time for Love"; Mr. Titzell (pseudonym Frederick Lambeck) wrote "Best in the Greenwood." (see page 35).

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Baudelaire in English

FLOWERS OF EVIL. From the French of Charles Baudelaire by George Dillon and Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Harper & Bros. 1936. $2.75.

Reviewed by MARY M. COLUM

FOR some strange reason poets admire themselves more for their feats in translation than for their own original work: Miss Millay has succumbed to this particular illusion and she glows over the performance of herself and Mr. George Dillon in these renderings of "Les Fleurs du Mal." There are some translators of single poems of Baudelaire's who have got as much as fifty, or even fifty-five per cent of him into English verse. For example, there was James Elroy Flecker who did this a couple of times; there is F. P. Sturm who also did it once or twice. I should not be surprised if Arthur Symons had not done it once or twice judging from his early translations of Mallarmé and Verlaine, but I am unfamiliar with his Baudelaire translations which Miss Millay describes as "shockingly inaccurate and misleading." As Arthur Symons used to be a fine French scholar, not only in the language, but what is equally important, in the literature, it is gloomy news to hear that he has become inaccurate. That the intellectual structure of Symons's mind is as alien to Baudelaire's as Miss Millay's is, is probably true. She has some interesting comments on translators: "the poet best fitted technically to translate the work of a foreign poet is the accomplished and disciplined craftsman in his own tongue who possesses also a comprehensive knowledge of the language from which he is translating." But one can have all this technical accomplishment and yet completely misrender the poet.

Now the equipment necessary for the translation of a poet like Baudelaire is a very complex and manifold one. One would be obliged to have, not only the linguistic and technical accomplishment postulated by Miss Millay; one would have to comprehend the emotional and intellectual structure of his mind; one would have to be very familiar with the sound of his poetry—to have a sharp ear for the peculiar Baudelairian music; one would have to know French literature well so as not to stumble over the subtle references in "Les Fleurs du Mal." Then one would have to have a knowledge of Catholic ritual, a knowledge of the Catholic missal and of the litanies (a knowledge of the latter would have saved Miss Millay a lot of puzzlement in translating the Litany to Satan); it would be well even to be a little learned in the philosophy of the Church, for Baudelaire, though he separated morals from religion as Latins often do, was strongly Catholic, a religious man who made "as one of the eternal rules of my life every morning to pray to God."

To those readers of this review who have not devoted themselves to Baudelaire in the original, I might, to some extent, commend this collection. Miss Millay and Mr. Dillon have translated a larger bulk of Baudelaire into better verse than other Baudelairian translators. If their flight is not as high, and if they get too near the ground, at least they remain longer on the wing. But for those who can read "Les Fleurs du Mal" easily this book is not worth while; the translators have not captured more than about thirty per cent of the original poetry, and the reasons for this are several. Mr. George Dillon grasps a certain amount of the intellectual structure of Baudelaire's

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

mind, but he gets almost nothing of the emotional structure; Miss Millay gets something of both. The reason that she does not achieve a closer approach to an acceptable rendering is partly because she is a woman, and Baudelaire's emotions were masculine through and through—masculine in their form, in their weaknesses, in their strength, and in their perversity: a woman can recognize all these qualities in Baudelaire and still be unable to reproduce them herself. A love poem in the sense that Miss Millay has written love poetry Baudelaire never wrote, never even conceived. There was a sharp division in his mind, as there is in many men's minds, between loving and possessing.

To see what Miss Millay can do in a translation let us take one or two of the most familiar poems. Her rendering of "Remords Posthume" is an interesting poem with a good deal of Miss Millay's special merits as a poet. But as a translation of Baudelaire is it misleading. The original is a morbid and sardonic version of the Ronsard Hélène type of sonnet, and a reader can only comprehend it thoroughly with Ronsard's sonnet to Hélène at the back of his mind:

Lorsque tu dormiras, ma belle ténébreuse,
Au fond d'un monument construit en marbre noir,

* * *

Le tombeau, confident de mon rêve infini,
—Car le tombeau toujours comprendra le poète—
Durant ces longues nuits d'où le somme est banni,

Te dira: "Que vous sert, courtisane imparfaite,
De n'avoir pas connu ce que pleurent les morts?"
—Et le ver rongera ta peau comme un remords.

Now let us read Miss Millay's version of the sestet:

The tomb that knows me well and reads my dream aright,
(What poet but confides his secret to the tomb?)
Will say to you some day during that endless night,

"They fare but ill, vain courtesan, in this cold room,
Who bring here no warm memories of true love to keep!"
—and like remorse the worm will gnaw you in your sleep.

Literally, what Baudelaire said is: "The grave, the confidant of my boundless dream (because the grave will always understand the poet) during those long nights from which sleep is banished, will say to you 'what does it avail you, imperfect courtesan, not to have known for what the dead are weeping!' and the worm will gnaw your skin like a remorse." There is not a word about "warm memories of true love": this is a Millay sentiment, not a Baudelaire one. Through the parallel with the Ronsard poem, it is left to your imagination to picture what the dead are weeping for, or you can gather it through some other poems in "Les Fleurs du Mal." And by omitting to translate "d'où le somme est banni," or by confusing "le somme" with "la somme," (the total) and thus making "endless night" out of the phrase, she fails to convey that characteristic Baudelairian idea that though one can "dormir" in the grave, one does not have any "somme" or "sommeil." Again, it is Baudelaire's habit to evoke an emotion without naming it, but Miss Millay has to name it—the poet and his translator are different kinds of poets.

Readers will doubtless remember the five great lines which Swinburne prefixed to his elegy on Baudelaire:

Nous devrions pourtant lui porter quelques fleurs;
Les morts, les pauvres morts, ont de grandes douleurs,
Et quand Octobre souffle, émondeur des vieux arbres,
Son vent mélancolique à l'entour de leurs marbres,
Certe, ils doivent trouver les vivants bien ingrats.

It is almost terrifying to read what Miss Millay makes of that marvellous line—"les morts, les pauvres morts, ont de

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grandes douleurs"—"the dead, the poor dead, have great sorrows." She renders it, without a thought for the Baudelairian music or the Baudelairian emotion, "the dead, poor things, what valid grievances they have!" Mr. George Dillon's translations are awry in a way of their own. For instance, his "Don Juan in Hades" is typical of how inadequate his rendering can be. I quote two stanzas, the second and the last:

Writhing and tearing open their garments while he crossed,
A crowd of disappointed females, herded there
Along the bank like victims for a holocaust,
Filled with a soft and bestial moaning the dark air.

* * *

The knight he murdered and whose ghost he had rebuked
Stood now, a tall and cuirassed helmsman, at the stem;
But the calm hero, leaning upon his rapier, looked
Absently into the water, ignoring all of them.

The whole climax of the poem is lost when he translates "tout droit dans son armure, un grand homme de pierre" as "the knight he murdered and whose ghost he had rebuked," for the tremendous figure of the man in stone disappears and what is left does not make a picture at all, and unless it is clear to you what sort of picture Baudelaire was making, you do not get the poem. Here is a translation by F. P. Sturm which does not attempt to render the original meter, but succeeds in giving the terrifying and heroic picture:

And clad in armor, a tall man in stone
Held firm the helm, and clove the gloomy flood;
But, staring at the vessel's track alone,
Bent on his sword the unmoved hero stood.

And what shall we say of Mr. Dillon's "A crowd of disappointed females herded there"? At this one's vocabulary of disapproval gives out. Miss Millay and Mr. Dillon pride themselves on having translated the poems into the meters of the originals, and these are mainly alexandrines. But how unaccomplished their alexandrines are compared with those tremblingly beautiful lines which Arthur Symons used in his translation of Mallarmé's "La chair est triste, helas! et j'ai lu tous les livres."—

The flesh is sad, alas! and all the books are read;
Flight, only flight! I feel that birds are wild to tread
The floor of unknown foam and to attain the skies.

When Miss Millay commits herself to the statement that "one drop of the blood of Wordsworth in the veins of Baudelaire would have meant death," she is very wrong. To make a good translation of certain poems from "Les Fleurs du Mal" one would need many drops of Wordsworth—in fact, the transfusion would need something from Wordsworth, from Poe, from Swinburne, from T. S. Eliot.

Without a Country

RUSSIAN SOMERSAULT. By Igor Schwezoff. New York: Harper & Bros. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by MADELEINE P. GRANT

THIS autobiography is the tale of a young Russian who gives his heart, his mind, and his muscle to the art of dancing. The book has literary charm and historic value and the reader will find that he closes the book enthusiastically ready to cast his vote with those judges who awarded it the $5000 prize in the recent Hodder and Stoughton autobiographical competition held in London. Students of the dance will find here a valuable account of the history of the Russian ballet since the time of Nijinsky.

Igor Schwezoff's father was a general in the Czar's army; his mother, the

IGOR SCHWEZOFF

daughter of a wealthy banker. At the age of thirteen he witnessed the October revolution turn his former world upside down. He enters into Soviet life, in spite of all its hardships, with a spirit of adventure and remains as intellectually undisturbed by political or social convictions as were his parents and grandparents before him. He is able to see the new Russia with young eyes, so that he can relate and describe while seldom passing judgment. Furthermore, he possesses that rare capacity of viewing his own acts and motives with an objective musing possible only to the really philosophic mind.

He labored endlessly for food, shelter, clothing, and money to pay his dancing teacher. He was admitted to the Marinsky Theatre School in Petrograd; he toured the provinces with various ballet groups, and was appointed first dancer and choreographer. But finally his fatal social origin was revealed. Eventually his sense of insecurity, and his suffering brought the decision to escape from the Soviet through Siberia to Shanghai.

In Shanghai he seriously faces, for the first time, the social implications of the new Russia. He questions why he fled. He fled not from any antagonism towards the Soviet but because of his conviction that a "communistic artist is a contradiction in terms—for an artist is an artist only by virtue of his intensified individualism." Igor Schwezoff is a man without a country,—longing for his homeland, but so long as Russian Communistic leaders sacrifice the individual to a Utopian ideal of international brotherhood, and so long as human beings continue to be human, individuals like Igor Schwezoff have no place in the land of their birth.

Madeleine P. Grant is a member of the staff of Sarah Lawrence College. She has travelled extensively in Russia.

Japanese Liebestod

TO THE MOUNTAIN. By Bradford Smith. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

BRADFORD SMITH is Professor of English literature in St. Paul's University at Tokyo, and in his novel he shows an intimate knowledge of modern Japanese life, weaving a picture of rich and poor, of city and country, of the traditional point of view and of that newer one which is so much the product of contact with the West.

"To the Mountain" is a tragic story of the romantic love between Kimi-san, a girl who when a child had been sold by starving parents into bondage in the Yoshiwara, and Shigeo, a young man imbued with Western ideas. When they meet, Kimi-san has been released from the house in the Yoshiwara, but she cannot escape the shadow of her initial tragedy; her first and only protector had been Yamano, a rich old merchant, the father of Shigeo. The situation, dramatic and terrible enough to be the libretto of an opera, is sustained and developed by Mr. Smith in something very like the key of opera, and the emotion mounts to an intense climax. Shigeo is passionately fond of the music of Wagner, and we have the singular spectacle of a Japanese tragedy, a *Liebestod*, that is actually suggested by the music of Tristan.

Charged as it is with a deep and romantic emotion, there is nothing extravagant about the writing of the novel; its tone is restrained and quietly moving, subdued and low as the exquisite submissiveness of Kimi-san's behavior. There is an interesting picture of the political situation as it affects university students, glimpses of abortive communist efforts, and evidences of the ruthlessness of the military class; a vision of cruel poverty in the slums: intimate descriptions of life in a rich merchant's house. It is a book that gives one a vivid sense of Japan, and helps one to understand the country and the people.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

"Sky Chief"

WHEN you know you're going to fly you watch the weather. The best place to get a look at it in our office building is from the washroom window. (That washroom has more influence on literature than you might suppose. There literary editors retire for occasional seclusion, to gaze off over one of Midtown's relatively open spaces, toward the steeps of Radio City, and make up their minds about some book they're reading.) It was a mild soft afternoon. As the bather feels the water with his hand before plunging in, I like to reach out and feel the air before flying. That air (I wished it could realize it) was going to carry considerable responsibility. I reached out and sifted a handful of it. It didn't seem thick enough. But walking through Times Square a few minutes later there was a tepid little breeze which felt more palpable; comfortingly supportive. The air of Times Square always comes thicker: densified by news, movies, gasoline vapor, showmanship and halitosis.

At the Air Desk, Penn Station: you study the folder. TWA's little picture of the pilot with a gyroscope inside his head is always comforting. You reflect that, in your own affairs, a little more gyroscopic control would be desirable.

In the limousine en route to Airport: the good old motto on the Main P. O. is an appropriate salute. *Not snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers on their appointed rounds.* Herodotus, isn't it? Why wouldn't *The Spirit of Herodotus* be a good name for a plane? Sometimes you almost wish something would stay those chauffeurs a little. On that amazing ramp that runs from Jersey City to Newark they touch 60, in plentiful traffic. The only part of flying that scares one is getting to the airport.

One of the passengers hadn't been in New York for thirty years, though he lived there as a young man. To leave N. Y. by air you Stoop to Conquer; I mean, you first go through the Holland Tunnel. This gave the 30-year absentee a great kick. Funny thing: as soon as I heard him speak about 30 years ago a thought of the old Haymarket (a rowdy resort) lit in my mind. And a moment later he asked about it, as oldtimers always do.

Airport: There she is, great silver Douglas, eagerly nosed up. NC13711, Skyliner *City of Chicago.* The 7 and the 11 should take the curse off the 13. (Air passengers are always superstitious.) Weight, please? (200) Weight of baggage (25). Wish I'd had time to get my hair cut when an air news reporter said *All you need is a fiddle-case.* The reason one postpones haircuts is probably because in the barber's chair one simply *has* to think; there's nothing else to do. And though we all pretend to hanker for "a chance to think," doesn't it rather scare us, really?

Air news reporters always assume that everyone boarding the Sky Chief is on the way to Hollywood on a contract. They are shocked when you let them down by saying you're only going to Columbus.

She turns her silver snoot toward sun. A roaring tryout of motors. Just this one moment I always keep my mind inboard. I try not to think anything heavy, or remember how the Peruvian pelicans used to struggle to get into the air. Those Newark marshes are unpleasantly near. This is the time to be busy with small concerns: fasten belt, accept gum from trim little hostess (did you know that they're not allowed to weigh more than 118, nor to marry within three years), admire one's own little stock of gadgets—air vent, reading lamp, ash tray with little convenient tab for stubbing out cigarette. Best of all, read one's favorite relaxation, Mrs. Roosevelt's Day. How she can take it, you say to yourself; I guess I can carry on a while yet. Or something even more amusing: Congressman Fish seriously replying to some kidding by Heywood Broun. Mr. Broun had stepped too far: had suggested that Fish wasn't a good football player at Harvard . . . careful: you'll almost find yourself saying It takes all kinds to make up a world . . . so look outside, (this is Seat 11, port side, just aft the wing) you're over Morristown, fields brown and pinkish in sinking light, just dim wash of green in hollows.

Only 25 minutes out and over the Delaware already. On neatly striped roads below are cars creeping along; one passes another, both apparently crawling; this is faintly amusing to watch, probably because you are thinking that *they* are supposing they are going fast; and to see someone else thinking absolute what *you* (from taller purview) consider only relative, is always satisfying to the interior gyroscope.—You try not to say to yourself that the cars look "just like ants." But they do, exactly.

5.35 p.m. Pretty little points of light, red and green for port and starboard, brighten the ends of the broad silver wings. Approaching hills of Pennsylvania. Hostess lady (herself a delicious streamline figure) has also brightened herself with rouge, you observe. This is all part of the psychology of air traffic; but to be thoroughly nautical it should be rouge on left cheek and green on right. She is fastening the tray to your chair-arms for supper. Those marvellous cardboard picnic-boxes are the best fun of all; and shrewdly served to divert the mind from the bumpier bits of the Alleghanies. She yaws a bit (the plane, I mean), sways gently (myself I like it; feel of a yacht in a quarterly run of swell). She comes down the aisle (the hostess, I mean) with the big thermos flask, genuflects beside you

(*Continued on page* 20)

SUNSET, NEW YORK. *Photo by Fairchild Aerial Surveys, from "The Beauty of Flight," by Manfred Curry.*

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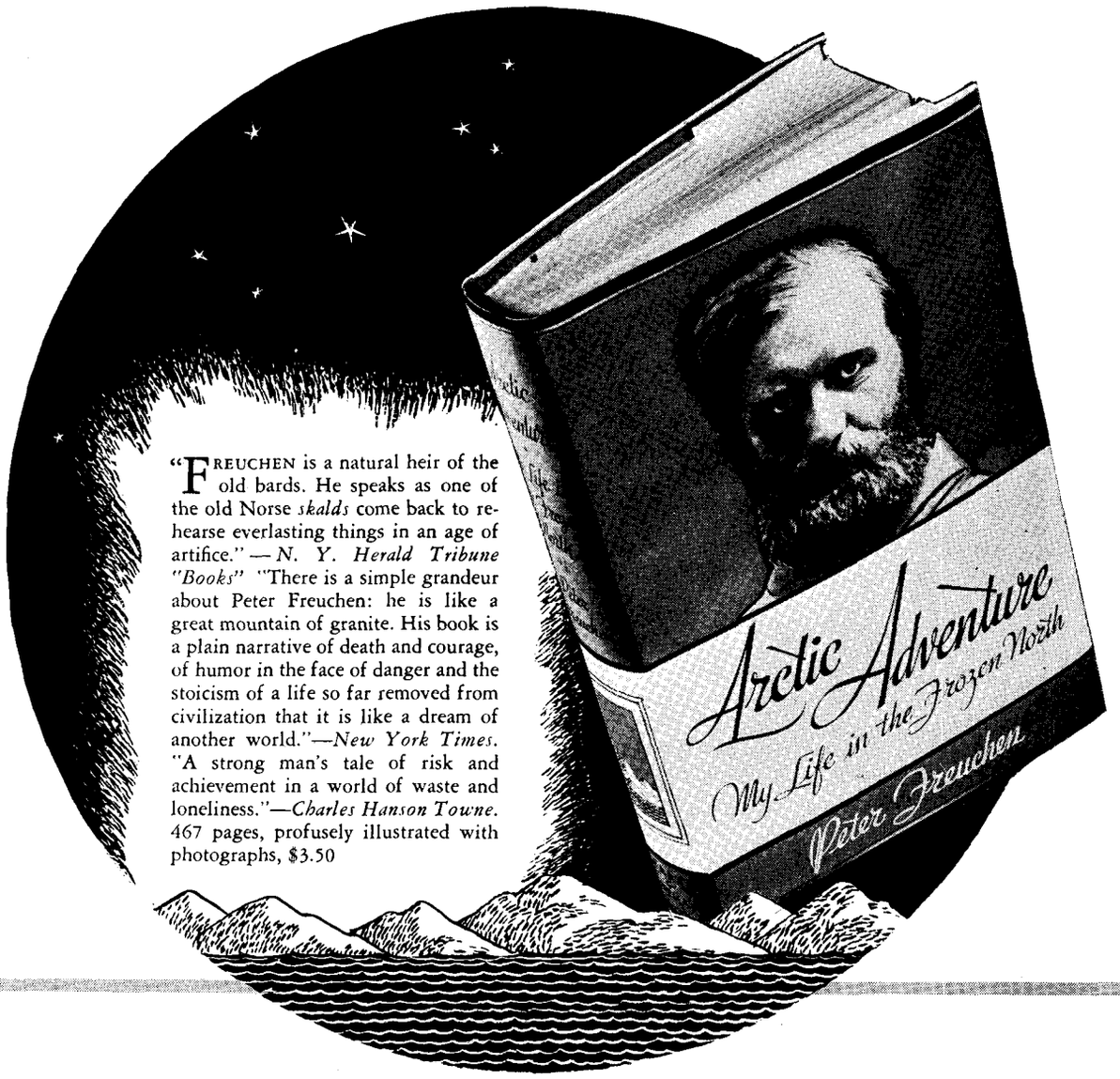

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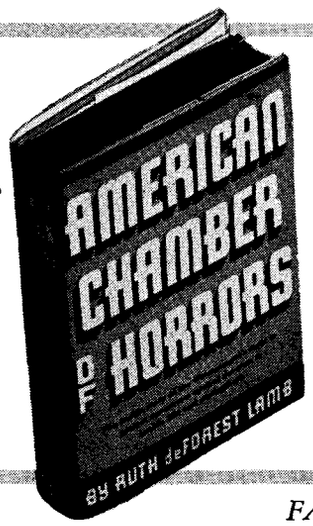

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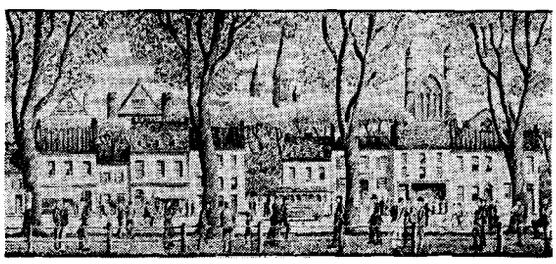

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The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page 17*)

like a priestess, carefully pours out hot coffee. We're crossing the Susquehanna, 6.05 p.m. Quite a little bump just then, as we skim over a solid chunk of air (it probably bounced up from the capitol at Harrisburg). Hope she won't spill that very hot coffee on her hand. There's a scar above the thumb. "Did you get that pouring coffee?" "No, that was long ago, when I was a little girl playing house."—Now she's playing house up here a mile high above the Juniata. (Which, by the way, the romantic TWA route-map misspells as *Juanita.*) The Juniata doesn't look blue from here, but muddy, sombre, swollen with flood. You rummage that luxurious lunch-box (three joints of roast chicken, still warm from the Airport kitchen. Even the food has wings. Looking forward along the aisle you have a humorous vista of passengers gnawing away). Eating, you contemplate nasty parallel ridges of Alleghany, sharp wooded hogbacks fading into dusk. There are still some glints of snow in wrinkles of the hills.

6.30 p.m.—getting dark. *Sky Chief* skims (surprisingly close) over great brown folds of hill. Beacons glitter here and there, like lighthouses at sea. These new luxury Douglases are extraordinarily quiet. To feel any vibration at all you have to put forehead against the window-pane, where it thrills like a cool hissing—sound rather than feeling. She floats with gentle sway in the gray gloom; no sense of speed or hurry; earth is fading away. A sprinkle of lights is probably Johnstown, but hard to identify; it's too dark to see, as I thought we might, trace of the recent floods. After the lunch-box and an extra serving of coffee the little lights snap on above the chairs; everyone smoking cigarettes but the ventilation is perfect; no fug. A comfortable little parlor in nowhere. There would be a notion of sleep if one were making the all-night flit. Odd to consider that several of your companions will be eating breakfast in Los Angeles.

7 p.m.—a sprinkle of lights below. Her great wing sinks softly, softly downward below you as she banks a wide turn. Loveliest of feelings, that slow eider-down sinking, tilting. She drifts you down through the dark—the gray wing swims sideways and groping, reaching—oh, like a lazy shark in a green aquarium tank—you are coming back, almost with grief, to the heavy bond of earth—a little jolt, a softly rocking run with a few reluctant skips, a roar as the propellors change pitch—you taxi to a brilliant gangway. It's Pittsburgh. "Ten minutes on the ground" says your guardian angel, Miss Baker, madonna of the monoplane.

It was a little longer, as a matter of fact. Not Sky Chief's fault: we had to wait for some extra mail to be sorted. Chance for a brief glimpse of the control room (a clockmaker's paradise) which no one can enter while in flight. Mr. Ashford and Mr. Blaine, the pilots, sitting ready at those queer squashed-in wheels, with earphones and (I suppose) those gyroscopes inside their heads. My friendly cross-aisle neighbor, who has come from Boston, is trying to buy a box of candy for the madonna (it would be a gross breach to offer a tip) but Pittsburgh, just recovering from flood, is out of candy. Anyhow we have saved our lunch box peppermints for her as a small homage. (She doesn't eat until she goes off duty at Kansas City, at midnight.) Boston says there's a young journalism student sitting forward, wants to change places with him so he can interview writer during flight. I beg him not to; hope student doesn't think one churlish, but really I'm busy and happy interviewing myself. Does one interview the young curlew under its mother's wing?

Only about 75 minutes from Pittsburgh to Columbus, but what soft ones. Thinking vaguely of some line of Emily Dickinson's about the bumble bee moving like a train on rails of plush? The little lights click on and off as each passenger turns from reading to study the sky. Clear now, and more stars than one sees on the ground—Orion, for instance, has a lot more accoutrements in his hunting gear. The man in front of me gets out a star-map for March and verifies it. Across from him, a handsome lady smoking in a gentle slump of universal acceptance. Some are still reading the *World-Telegram* and must know Eleanor Roosevelt's Day by heart. Behind me is the tall attractive buff-haired girl who had been able to get a seat at the last moment: I overheard her say it was a matter of life and death for her to get to St. Louis. Boston is gently going asleep as he watches the green light on the tip of the right wing. Another is putting himself to sleep by turning the air vent to shoot a gush of pure upward space on his scalp. Very good for thinning hair I dare say.

There is something diminutively domestic about the tiny looped-in window curtains. There is no sense of motion whatever: only occasional sparks from the exhaust, streaming under her wing, suggest the idea of speed—which is, I suppose, about 3 miles a minute. It seems a bit incredible to be checked in at the good old Deshler-Wallick by 9 p.m., where I look from my window and see the words blazing, LAUREL—HARDY. Yes, I say to myself, thinking of unknown pilots sitting among stars and radio beams—they're certainly hardy and they deserve laurel.

I wish I'd left space to add that, only two days later, I had the pleasure of accompanying my friend the Vizier on his first flying experience. Columbus to Cleveland in a Condor; then (with one minute for the change) Cleveland to Chicago by Boeing. The first hop was bumpy and the Vizier chewed hard; I was worried for him when a lady up forward went into reverse. But in the smooth Chicago run he relaxed gaily; before long he was asking the hostess's special permission to smoke a cigar; and when he was told that he was dining at 9000 feet he was in an ecstasy. The new moon seemed to be hung just over his right ear, and he was pleased by her shimmer on the round snout of the Pratt & Whitney (where, flying against sunset light, you can just guess the dim haze or halo-circle of the roaring blades). City Slicker by habit, customer of big hotels and Pullman trains, perhaps this was the first time in 20 years he had been 9000 feet away from a Dry Martini—even in Prohibition.

Chicago at night is a pattern of jewels from above; but on the ground, it seems at first a city of cinders. That smoke-fouled and throat-stinging drive through dumps and gloom is too savage a paradox after a few hundred miles of sky. I love her too well to leave it so, unchidden. When will she use the old Fair Grounds for a lakeside airport, the most beautiful in the world?

A Debt to Dickens

(*Continued from page 11*)

spise money grubbing. People today say he is obvious and sentimental and childish in his analysis of character. It may be so, and yet I have found people surprisingly like those he wrote about—the good a little less undiluted, perhaps, and the evil a little more mixed. And I do not regret that simplicity of his, for it had its own virtue. The virtue was of a great zest for life. If he saw everything black and white, it was because life rushed out of him strong and clear, full of love and hate. He gave me that zest, that immense joy in life and in people, and in their variety.

He gave me, too, my first real glimpse of a kindly English God, a sort of father, to whom the childlike and the humble might turn. There was no talk of hell in his books. He made Christmas for me, a merry, roaring English Christmas, full of goodies and plum puddings and merriment and friendly cheer. I went to his parties over and over again, for I had no others. I remember one dreadful famine winter the thing that kept me laughing and still a child was "Pickwick Papers." I read it over and over, and laughed, as I still laugh, over the Wellers and the widow and Mr. Pickwick and all his merry company. They were as real to me as the sad folk outside the compound walls, and they saved me.

And he made me love England. I have no drop of English blood in my veins. I have German and Dutch and French ancestors, I was born in the United States of American parents, and I have spent my life in China. But part of me is English, for I love England with a peculiar, possessing love. I do possess something of England. When I went there years later, London was my city and the countryside I knew. I was not strange. The people were my own people, too. England is the mother of a certain part of

(*Continued on page 25*)

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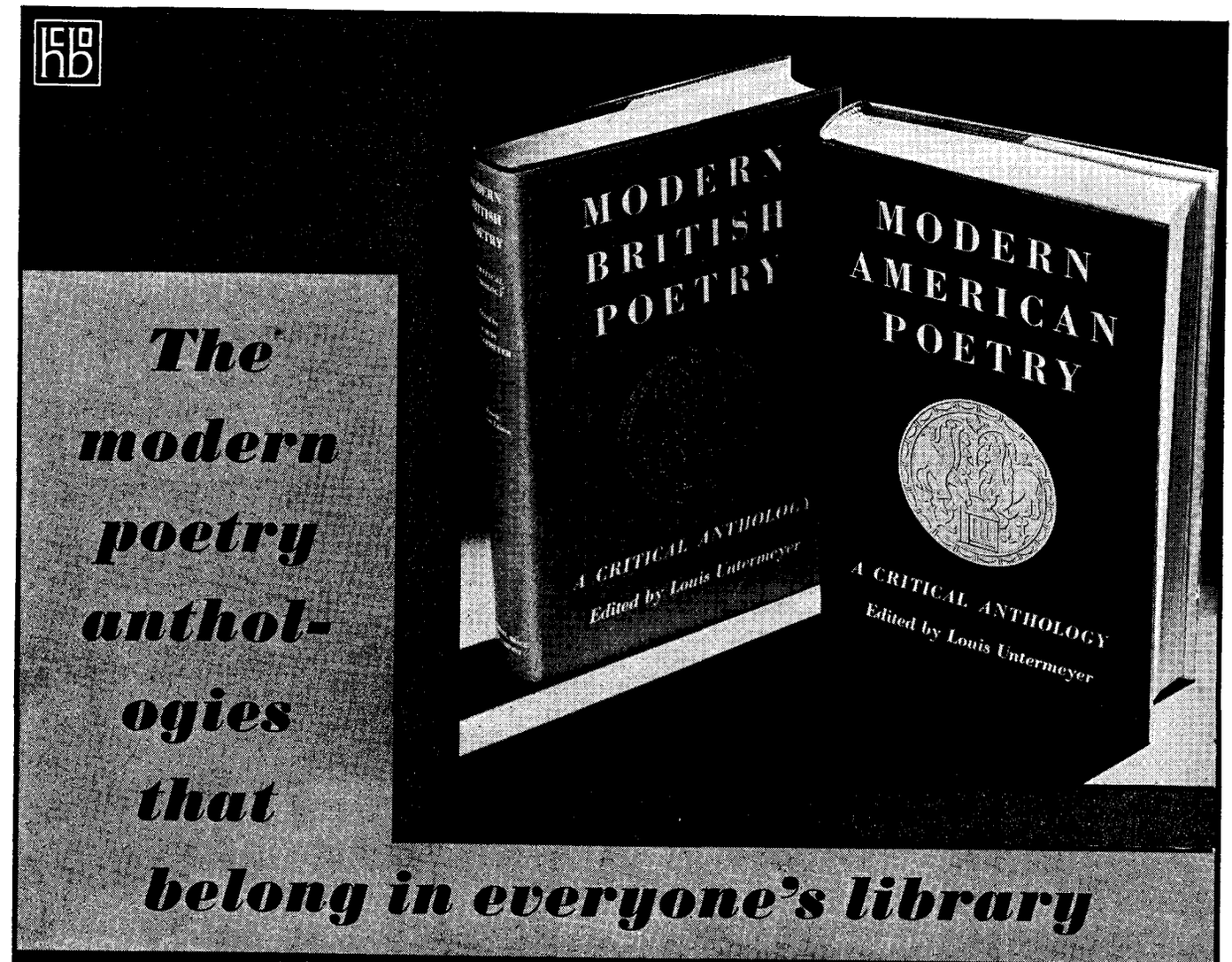

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Stuffed Shirts and Red Shirts

(*Continued from page 4*)

be for a million, and if the consideration of harmfulness must always be subordinate to the facilities for distributing it, then the result, in the long run, is a slow poisoning of everything and everybody, which seems to be the unavoidable terminus of a commercial civilization. Puritanism, unfortunately, has had less to say about the poisoning than about the admirable enterprise, and the esthete, who cultivates his palate, seemed a lascivious fellow to the Puritan just because he rolled everything under his tongue. Yet it is this esthete, this useless creature, this man of violence and vagary, who is now in revolt, even to the point of dressing up in a communist shirt.

The rebellion, at the moment, is very lopsided. Its idiom is rank and reckless, and blown up with insolence. The criticism of it is feeble. But there it is, the edge of the deepest fissure that has ever appeared in American life. It suggests that American literature has become significant, since at last it is rudely passionate and genuinely absorbed in the values by which Americans actually live.

Far be it from me to imply, with the usual superciliousness, that America is wholly subject to the machine, or that the machine is wholly inimical to man. Everyone knows that the machine can be a good servant, and all through America there are thousands upon thousands who understand this while detesting the conformities that are called bourgeois. No Europeans, so far as I know, are half so quick to buy the books, heed the lectures, view the pictures, that repudiate the machine age. It is, in fact, because of this very open-mindedness, this docility, that the young rebels are able to pour out protest, much of it rant and some of it cant. But the hardening of temper in current American literature is beyond doubt due to a vicious intensity in business methods on which there are fewer traditional brakes than in Europe, though the European brakes are themselves less able to hold the business engine as time goes on. This vicious intensity in business has been favored by the whole fervor of American development, and it is only as its consequences for the sensitive are unfolded that the genteel idiom has been dropped, and the rough tone has deepened. The religious assumptions of pre-war have not survived the era of wholesale homicide. The much-heralded religious revival never came off, and what now exists is a heightening of clap-trap and a widening of disillusion.

How rough can the sensitive become, and still remain sensitive? That is what I ask myself when I look through the new novels. In the Restoration period the tone became so strong that one mood prevailed, in the theatre at any rate, and that mood was acrid. The same could easily happen in the age of Ballyhoo. The bad money, esthetically speaking, drives out the good. To be noticed at all, one has to bid in paper millions. Everything, incest, rape, homosexuality, sadism, masochism, the bawd, the pimp, the racketeer, becomes so noisily familiar that a mere quiet murder or a homelike seduction loses all meaning. No point can be made without stabbing the reader, and finally the no longer innocent reader, as full of holes as a sieve, is riddled beyond sensation.

So great a change in temper since the days when "Sister Carrie" was banned cannot wholly be accounted for by the lewd development of motion pictures, or by the widening of the reading or the writing public. It is a change in the very centres of literary authority and the tilt of public mood. The next stage will possibly come when a new generation of equipped critics, freed from traditional Puritanism but anti-radical, arises to challenge the romantic creators now in vogue. These critics will have firm minds, and are unlikely to imagine themselves communists. They will try to impose themselves by having the accent of science. They will certainly search the heart under that dark red shirt.

Francis Hackett was co-editor of The New Republic *from 1914-1922. In 1927 he returned to Ireland to live, and there wrote his biographies of Henry VIII and Francis I which have brought him much acclaim. His new novel, "The Green Lion," is published this week.*

A Debt to Dickens

(*Continued from page 20*)

my spirit. I can never take sides against England or the English. It is not only that we speak a common tongue and that we are the same race. There is far more than that. I know English people. I love English people. I have grown up among them. I am used to them. They have been my companions for many years. They are forever my friends. When several years ago in China there was a period of misunderstanding of certain British policies, I steadfastly refused to agree with the distrust expressed by some of my Chinese friends toward England. I was sure of the quality of the English people and of their integrity. What they said they would do, they would do. And they did. Their armies were peacefully withdrawn when the necessity of protection was over, they did not proceed to the conquest the Chinese thought was inevitable, and more than any Western power they have steadily shown their honesty of purpose toward the Chinese. After it was over, my Chinese friends said wondering, "You were right." And I replied, "I knew I was."

This is what Charles Dickens did for me. His influence I cannot lose. He has made himself a part of me forever.

Pearl S. Buck has given a glimpse of the background of her life in China in her recently published biography of her mother entitled "The Exile."

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Hilaire Belloc's

THE BATTLE-GROUND

SYRIA and PALESTINE

COMING SOON: When a master of English prose tries his hand at mystery fiction, that's NEWS! VIVE LE ROY, a soul-tickling, brain-baffler by Ford Madox Ford, will be published April 9th. $2.50.

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The Amen Corner

It really is amazing how the Oxford University Press [1] goes on producing reference books which can only be called "original" and "unique." Following close on *The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*[2] there comes a book as valuable as *The Oxford Companion to English Literature*.[3] It is called *Annals of English Literature*, 1475-1925,[4] The Principal Publications of Each Year Together with an Alphabetical Index of Authors.

The purpose of this volume, compiled by Mr. J. C. Ghosh and Miss E. G. Withycombe, is "to give the student, at a glance, the main literary output of any year or series of years; to show what books people were likely to be reading at any time, and with what rivals a candidate for literary fame had to reckon. . . . The Index of Authors gives at once a conspectus of any literary career."

Glancing back we find:

1536

400 years ago William Tyndale was burnt and Erasmus died; and Coverdale's *Bible*, translated in 1535, was printed in a modified version, and "Matthews' Bible," translated by John Rogers under the pseudonym of Thomas Matthews was published.

1636

300 years ago Charles I visited Oxford, Glanvill (whose book inspired Matthew Arnold's *The Scholar-Gipsy*) and Boileau were born, and Corneille's *Le Cid* appeared in France; while such authors as D'Avenant, Dekker, Heywood, and Massinger were holding the stage in England.

1736

200 years ago James Macpherson (of Ossian) and George Steevens were born; Butler's *Analogy*, Thomson's *Liberty*, and Newton's *Method of Fluxions* were published.

1836

100 years ago Sir William Gilbert (of Gilbert and Sullivan fame), and Bret Harte were born, and William Godwin and James Mill died; Dickens's *Sketches by Boz* (2nd series), and *Pickwick Papers* began to appear in monthly instalments; Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, Marryat's *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, and *Lyra Apostolica* (by Newman and others) were published.

Speaking of Marryat, the Oxford Press is about to bring out his *Jacob Faithful* in the *World's Classics*,[5] along with Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh* with a Prefatory Essay by Bernard Shaw, and *He-Who-Came?*, the eighth novel by that remarkable writer, Constance Holme, to be published in the *World's Classics*.

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A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

ROMAN SPRING. By Margaret Chanler. *Little, Brown.*

MAN'S FATE. By André Malraux. *Smith & Haas.*

TRUMPETS OF JUBILEE. By Constance M. Rourke. *Harcourt, Brace.*

Clive of India

C. E. B. of Joplin, Mo., *says that a relative "is interested in the motion picture Clive of India" and wants to know what she can read on the subject for further information. "She would be interested," she adds, "from the viewpoints of history, drama, and fiction, as her first question to me was 'Is it history or merely fiction?'"*

C. E. B.'s letter sent me at once to my bookshelves to look for my Macaulay, for it was years since I had read his famous essay on Lord Clive and I wanted to refresh my memory on that great figure in Anglo-Indian history. It was a fatal proceeding, as referring to Macaulay always is, for I fell promptly under the spell of that magic pen and, having no time at all at my disposal, set to work to spend that minus quantity in reading I had no business to indulge in. But it was good reading! And from it stood forth afresh the person of Clive, so audacious in war and daring in statesmanship, so exalted to glory at one stage of his career and delivered over to obloquy at another, a man of talents and virtues, who helped build an empire, was bitterly and not unjustly attacked on the score of the arts he had used in dealing with the Indian dignitaries; and yet to whom is ascribable the purity of English administration in India. I advise C. E. B.'s friend to read Macaulay's essay before she tackles anything else for she will find there the main points in Clive's career and a judicial weighing of his merits. The article in the Encyclopædia Britannica follows Macaulay, I notice, in essentials but is written in indignant repudiation of the attacks upon its subject's character. Certainly Clive's was a career which would lend itself to presentation on the screen, with its dramatic action, its setting, and the brilliant and tragic episodes in the life of the man both as soldier and statesman. Does the moving picture, I wonder, follow his fortunes to his melancholy end by suicide in the prime of his years? If C. E. B.'s friend wants to check up further on the picture she can do so by referring to such books as the volume in the Rulers of India series, by H. M. Stephens, entitled LORD CLIVE AND THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ENGLISH IN INDIA (Oxford University Press), or in C. W. Wilson's CLIVE (Macmillan), or P. J. Minney's LORD CLIVE (Ryerson). As to fiction, she will find that Clive—and Warren Hastings as a young man of about twenty-four—figures in LIKE ANOTHER HELEN (Page), by Sydney C. Grier (a pseudonym for Hilda Gregg), which is the tale of a young woman's experiences in India from the Black Hole period up to the retaking of Calcutta, and in Philip Meadows Taylor's RALPH DARNELL (Scribners). This last novel covers the Black Hole and Plassey, and depicts Clive both in India and England. The fascinating Peg Woffington appears briefly in it. But read Macaulay first, I repeat again.

Games and Novels

M. de H. of Los Angeles, Calif., *asks for a book of games of not too intellectual a nature for a small group of people, and for a list of books likely to please a young man whose favorite author is Dumas* père.

To take the last request first. I pass by such obvious suggestions as the novels of Scott and Victor Hugo, and such books as THE WANDERING JEW, BEN HUR, and Stevenson's DAVID BALFOUR, MASTER OF BALLANTRAE, etc., in the certainty that M. de H.'s friend has already read them, and merely stop on the way to newer publications to mention Conan Doyle's rousing historical tales, UNCLE BERNAC, MICAH CLARKE, and THE WHITE COMPANY, Edward L. White's EL SUPREMO (Dutton), that story of South American dictatorship, Francis Marion Crawford's melodramatic romance of the time of the Second Crusade, VIA CRUCIS (Macmillan), and that best-seller of World War days, Blasco Ibáñez's FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE (Dutton). I should think that the American historical novel would interest him in the form in which James Boyd has written it in DRUMS, a story of the Revolution, MARCHING ON, a Civil War tale, and LONG HUNT (all Scribners), a romance of the frontier, or as Kenneth L. Roberts presents it in ARUNDEL (Doubleday, Doran), the interest of which is focussed about Benedict Arnold's secret expedition against Quebec, and RABBLE IN ARMS (Doubleday, Doran), which deals with Burgoyne's invasion of Arundel. Hervey Allen's ANTHONY ADVERSE (Farrar & Rinehart) ought to give him pleasure and occupation for a considerable time, and MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (Little, Brown), and its continuations, MEN AGAINST THE SEA, and PITCAIRN'S ISLAND should also fall in with his taste. There's a very new book which is likely to interest him, Kathleen Pawle's WE IN CAPTIVITY (Dodd, Mead), an exciting story of the Irish "trouble," and I should think, too, that Robert Graves's I, CLAUDIUS, and CLAUDIUS THE GOD (Smith & Haas) would prove to his liking.

As for games, M. de H. will find a large number described in Hoyle's STANDARD GAMES (to be had in various editions), Geister's LET'S PLAY (Harpers) and GEISTER GAMES (Harpers), and in Lasker's ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GAMES (Dutton). These all contain instructions for parlor games.

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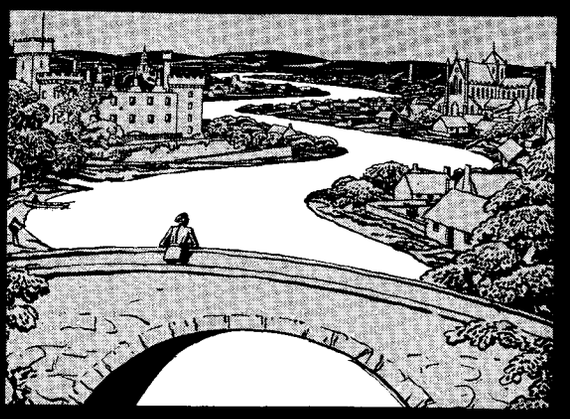

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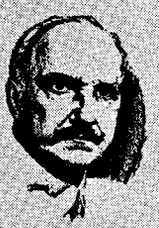

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Keynes's Economics

GENERAL THEORY OF EMPLOYMENT, INTEREST, AND MONEY. By John Maynard Keynes. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by FABIAN FRANKLIN

TO say that this book is extremely difficult reading is by no means to pronounce an adverse judgment upon it. The difficulty arises in the main from the qualities in the book which constitute its chief merit—inflexible adherence to the most exacting standards of accurate thinking, courageous admission of imperfections, honest acknowledgment and analysis of errors committed by the author himself in previous grapplings with the same economic problems. Whatever else may be said about the book, it is certainly one that demands most earnest attention and study on the part of all economists seriously concerned with the fundamental questions of their science.

That such a book can hardly be read with satisfaction by the general public goes almost without saying; and furthermore it is what Mr. Keynes himself says in his preface, at the same time stating very clearly the *raison d'être* of his work:

> This book is chiefly addressed to my fellow economists. I hope that it will be intelligible to others. But its main purpose is to deal with difficult questions of theory, and only in the second place with the applications of this theory to practice. For if orthodox economics is at fault, the error is to be found not in the superstructure, which has been erected with great care for logical consistency, but in a lack of clearness and of generality in the premises. Thus I cannot achieve my object of persuading economists to reexamine critically certain of their basic assumptions except by a highly abstract argument and also by much controversy.
>
> The matters at issue are of an importance which cannot be exaggerated. But, if my explanations are right, it is my fellow economists, not the general public, whom I must first convince. At this stage of the argument the general public, though welcome at the debate, are only eavesdroppers at an attempt by an economist to bring to an issue the deep divergences of opinion between fellow economists which have for the time being almost destroyed the practical influence of economic theory, and will, until they are resolved, continue to do so.

The preface closes, however, with a statement which cannot be passed without challenge:

> The composition of this book has been for the author a long struggle of escape, and so must the reading of it be for most readers if the author's assault upon them is to be successful,—a struggle of escape from habitual modes of thought and expression. The ideas which are here expressed so laboriously are extremely simple and should be obvious. The difficulty lies, not in the new ideas, but in escaping from the old ones, which ramify, for those brought up as most of us have been, into every corner of our minds.

If, in point of fact, the ideas expounded by Keynes "are extremely simple and should be obvious," the first duty of a reviewer must be to give, in simple language, the gist of Keynes's elaborate discussion. To the present writer, however, this seems an impossible task; and if it were an easy one he cannot help wondering why Keynes did not himself devote a few pages of his book to the performance of it.

Eminently just-minded as Mr. Keynes habitually is in his criticisms, his view of the source of the difficulty which readers will experience is unfair to the classical economists. That a prepossession in favor of the old ideas does obstruct the ingress of new ones is quite true; but a chief reason for the difficulty is that the old ideas were intrinsically far simpler. Indeed it was because of their intrinsic simplicity that the classical doctrines were enunciated in the first place, and that they acquired the sway which they so long enjoyed.

Even faintly to indicate the nature of the divergence between Keynes and the classical economists is beyond what can here be attempted. One or two points may, however, be mentioned. Whereas the classical economic theory was concerned almost exclusively with the way in which the proceeds of the aggregate production were divided among the various participants—landowners, capitalists, entrepreneurs, wage-workers—Keynes centers attention upon the conditions on which the maintenance of the aggregate itself at its fullest attainable volume depends. The doctrine that supply and demand are merely two aspects of the same objective fact is subjected to prolonged and minute examination, resulting in an invalidation of the traditional conclusion drawn from it that general overproduction is impossible. The invalidation turns largely on considerations, by no means obvious, relating to the psychological factors designated as "propensity to consume" and "propensity to save." The maintenance of a proper balance between these two factors is seen to be essential to full employment of the nation's productive resources; and since such balance is never actually established, unemployment is a constant accompaniment of our economic order—a disease vastly aggravated in times of depression, but by no means confined to those times.

A striking contrast to the main body of the book is presented by the very brief chapter with which it closes. This is entitled "Concluding Notes on the Social Philosophy towards which the General Theory might lead." This chapter is perfectly easy to read and to understand; and it is packed with judgments of momentous import upon vital issues of theory and of practice. A few of these judgments will suffice to show how deeply Keynes cuts into the very vitals of traditionally accepted economic opinion:

> The outstanding faults of the economic society in which we live are its

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failure to provide for full employment and its arbitrary and inequitable distribution of wealth and incomes.

Up to the point where full employment prevails, the growth of capital depends not at all on a low propensity to consume but is, on the contrary, held back by it; and only in conditions of full employment is a low propensity to consume conducive to the growth of capital.

Thus our argument leads towards the conclusion that in contemporary conditions the growth of wealth, so far from being dependent on the abstinence of the rich, as is commonly supposed, is more likely to be impeded by it. One of the chief social justifications of great inequality of wealth is, therefore, removed.

The justification for a moderately high rate of interest has been found hitherto in the necessity of providing a sufficient inducement to save. But we have shown that the extent of effective saving is necessarily determined by the scale of investment and that the scale of investment is promoted by a *low* rate of interest, provided that we do not attempt to stimulate it in this way beyond the point which corresponds to full employment.

Interest today rewards no genuine sacrifice, any more than does the rent of land. The owner of capital can obtain interest because capital is scarce, just as the owner of land can obtain rent because land is scarce. But whilst there may be intrinsic reasons for the scarcity of land, there are no intrinsic reasons for the scarcity of capital.

The bold and clear-cut way in which these conclusions are enunciated presents a striking contrast to the painfully accurate reasoning which has led up to them, and with which the body of the book is chiefly occupied. But it is to be observed that Keynes's attack upon classical economics is free from that character of arrogant contempt which is so frequently the dominant note of leaders of heterodox opinion. Indeed, his acknowledgment of merit in classical views, which are repudiated by many new-light economists, adds not a little to the weight of his criticism.

In view of the importance of his practical conclusions, as well as the searching character of his theoretical discussions, it is matter for keen regret that Mr. Keynes has not made his argument capable of being apprehended and assessed without the prodigious effort which an adequate study of his book demands. That its subtleties are necessary to an uncompromisingly thorough discussion of the subject may be quite true; but it is hardly possible that broad conclusions like those above cited, and others to which he attaches even greater importance, are so dependent upon those subtleties that they are incapable of being substantially established without them. To perform this task no one is better qualified—by knowledge, by intellectual ability, and by power of expression—than Mr. Keynes himself. It is to be hoped that he will feel called upon to follow up this book with another which shall take due account of the truth contained in old Hesiod's saying about the folly of those who know not how much more the half is than the whole.

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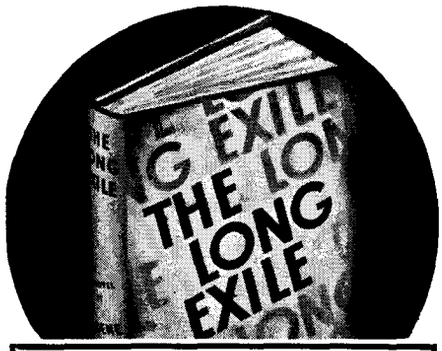

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Biography

DIANE THE HUNTRESS: the Life and Times of Diane de Poitiers. By Grace Hart Seely. Appleton-Century. 1936. $3.

When Diane de Poitiers was a widow of thirty-eight she became the titular mistress of a timid prince eighteen years her junior, after she had (or perhaps had not) been one of the less official mistresses of his profligate father, Francis I. Strangely enough she held her lover for twenty years, and after he became king ruled Henri II almost as absolutely as he ruled France. Whether or not she was beautiful was disputed in her lifetime, and official portraits and panegyrics are hardly evidence; if she had wit or charm or any human warmth, no certain recollection of them survives. Even the harm she did France by dissipating the revenues, backing a ruinous foreign policy, and strengthening the forces of internal disorder was merely incidental to her pursuit of selfish, personal aims. On only three things about her was everyone agreed: she was grasping; she was arrogant; she was remarkably well preserved. Diane's latest biographer fills in our scanty information with guesses at her feelings, a device which endows her with virtues her conduct never revealed, with the superficial picturesqueness of court life, and with bits of popular history. Although the preface categorically asserts that "the chronology is authentic," there are three elementary errors of dating in the first six pages and others equally glaring throughout the book.

G. M.

I WAS A SOVIET WORKER. By Andrew Smith. Dutton. 1936. $3.

This is a sad story first because its pages are filled with heart-rending episodes of the sufferings of the Soviet workers and second because it is the autobiography of an individual who devotes his life to a great social cause only to become bitterly disillusioned. The reader, however, soon becomes more interested in attempting a character analysis of the author than trying to evaluate his reports of the social scene in the Soviet Union.

At the age of twenty-one, Andrew Smith, a Hungarian, served as a strike leader in one of the iron mines in northern Hungary. Two years later, in 1907, he came to America, the promised land of steady work and better living. For twenty-two years he labored as an expert mechanic giving his constant support to the radical movement. In 1929 he was selected by the Communist Party to join a delegation of workers and labor leaders to make a three weeks' visit to the Soviet Union to learn how the Russian workers and peasants were building up socialism. In 1932 he contributed $3000, practically all his life-savings, to the Communist Party and set sail for Russia to end his days as a Soviet worker.

His disillusionment began almost the moment that he and his wife, Maria Smith, crossed the Finnish border into Russia. To be sure, his first visit was a "conducted tour," but he speaks the Russian language, and one finds it hard to understand why he remained so totally blind throughout that first visit. The remaining two hundred and fifty pages give endless episodes which depict greed, corruption, and inefficiency. The starvation of the workers and the comfort and security of higher officials are emphasized on every page. Much of what he reports is undoubtedly true, but the book is annoying, partly because the author never gives the reader evidence that he has reflected on the question whether the means can justify the end. In fact, he narrates, and so seldom reflects that the reader tries to probe deeper, beyond the essential honesty and sincerity of the author, for explanations of his reports. After three bitter years Andrew and Maria Smith finally take a deep breath of freedom when they cross the Russian border on their return to America.

Andrew Smith conceived communism to be a heaven on earth for the suffering masses. His creed consists in building a society where it will be impossible for one individual to live more comfortably than another. He cannot tolerate the existence of classes in Russia but he never reflects upon Russia's definition of class; —that it is the individual's ability to produce, not his inheritance, that determines his category. Although Andrew Smith follows the teachings of the Communist Manifesto, he refuses to contemplate the Marxian concept, "from each according to his ability: to each according to his need." He is a disciple of Christianity, but unfortunately his chosen arena is too large for him to operate effectively. He is an idealist. Heaven knows there is need of such individuals, but these idealists need the tools of economic theory and social philosophy to combat twentieth-century realism.

M. P. G.

Fiction

UNTIL I FIND. By Edgcumb Pinchon. Knopf. 1936. $2.50.

To read this book is to breathe a different air, a clear, windy air that has its own intoxication. It is a story of boyhood that recaptures the swift pace of youth and recreates the unspoiled freshness of an English countryside of fifty years ago, until we know the New Forest as though we had been there and become familiar with the moors of the Isle of Wight. The landscape in this book is never a detached and outside thing, painted for the eye; it is always part of the story, and it is experienced rather than seen.

To the sheer exhilaration of youth and the imaginings of a romantic boy, there is added an extra stir, a gipsy wild-fire excitement. The sharp delight in an outdoor world that Mr. Pinchon conveys to us must be part of the gipsy consciousness: Hugh Vallancourt, the hero of the story, has gipsy blood and always feels its pull. As a child, he slips away "to poach and ride with the Lees in the Nevi Wesh (the New Forest) and jabber the

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lavo-lil," and later on when he meets adventures on the Isle of Wight the fact that he is a *Rom* stands him in good stead. Mr. Pinchon's picture of the gipsies is extraordinarily interesting, since he shows them to us not only with great vividness and in sharp detail, but from an unusual angle,—we see them as they see themselves.

The characters in the book, people of a charming, long-ago time of leisure, are real enough, but Mr. Pinchon is at his best when he is describing action; a gallop, a fight, the flight of an arrow move thrillingly beneath his pen.

C. C.

A TIME FOR LOVE. By Ramona Herdman. Harpers. 1936. $2.

As a study in human failure, this novel strikes deep into the wells of pity and irony. Paul Langdon, editor of *Cosmos Magazine,* is a man of wide sympathies but he has come to that point in middle age where he will sacrifice the love of his mistress and the integrity of his magazine for the sake of a security that is only the phantom of his own inability to take life and make of it what he really wants. His interlocking feelings of guilt towards his mistress, his grownup daughter whom he scarcely knows, his mother whom he inadvertently neglects at the moment of her death, and even his social climbing wife to whom he has denied a trip to Europe, resolve themselves into utter and almost apathetic confusion. The disclosure of Paul's state of mind is done with a remarkably light and accurate scalpel. If his failure seems less than tragic, it is only because he is not made to appear a sufficiently great man.

The really tragic figure of the book is Paul's mistress and brilliant editorial assistant. Completely devoted to him, she has the self-torturing wisdom that can penetrate his excuses and gestures of love as well as his protests of editorial righteousness into the irresolution which is the core of his being. She sits by the telephone waiting for his calls, she exhausts herself to please him, but she knows with bitter resignation that their relationship is a failure. And when, at the end, she has a brief vision of herself as a figure rocking, rocking behind the vines on the porch in her hometown, the ironic edge of her sorrow is sharper than any suicidal blade. This may be a first novel, but it is well rounded, weighted, and balanced.

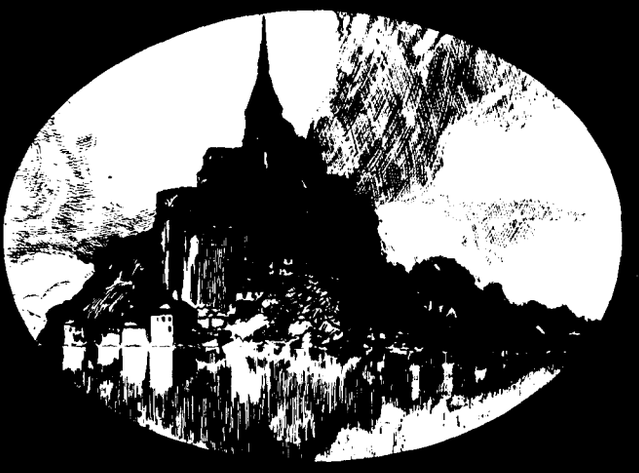
D. K.

BEST IN THE GREENWOOD. By Frederick Lambeck. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.

In form this book is quite perfect. It accomplishes with neatness and finality what it sets out to do, and shows us the resolution of a conflict in values. Mrs. Beaufort, a reflective elderly woman, leaves her country solitude to visit a sophisticated sister in New York. Difference of temperaments finally outbalances family ties, and before she goes home the smouldering antagonism of a life-time has become crystallized. All this happens as it should, quietly, within Mrs. Beaufort's mind, and external happenings are

(*Continued on page* 37)

A great American classic in a handsome new format at less than half its former price



By HENRY ADAMS

Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres

"*W*hen we open this book", says Ralph Adams Cram, "seven centuries dissolve and vanish away, and the thirteenth century lives less for us than we live in it and are a part of its gaiety, its youthful ardour, its childlike simplicity and frankness.

"*W*e forgather with the Abbot and his monks, and the crusaders and pilgrims; we pay our devoirs to the fair French Queens; we dispute with Abelard; we take our parts in the Court of Love.

"'*M*ont-Saint-Michel and Chartres' is one of the most distinguished contributions to literature America thus far has produced."

Illustrated, $3.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

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The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING: CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich

Current Receipts

CHERRY RIPE. By A. E. Coppard. First American edition. Windham, Conn.: Hawthorn House. 1935. *300 copies at* $4.

THIS first edition of a new volume of poems by A. E. Coppard is presented as a demure little book, charmingly printed from hand-set type by Mr. E. B. Thompson. It contains three poems not in the edition being published contemporaneously in England, and besides it has a bibliographical note and list of previous first editions of Coppard's work, by George B. Saul. There are very nice decorations in color by Valenti Angelo. Altogether the book proves that small volumes of verse should be printed in small printing-offices, where the sympathetic treatment of poetry is so much easier.

THE ESTIVATION OF TWO MAO TZU. By Melbert B. Cary, Jr., New York: Privately printed at the Press of the Woolly Whale. 1935.

This book tells the story of a trip to China in 1934. It is written in an interesting way, and printed in the oriental manner—that is, on soft paper, unopened, and bound in boards with covers tied on. There are two lucid maps in color, and the text is in red and black. It is very carefully set and printed, and possessors of copies are fortunate.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

This reprint, as a small folio issued by the Golden Cross Press, has also been issued in an edition of twenty-five copies for private distribution—and with its hand illuminations by Valenti Angelo it is one of the handsome books of the year. No copies are for sale, unfortunately.

The Press of the Woolly Whale issues as its eighth Armistice Day series an essay, of some nine small pages, by Richard Le Gallienne, entitled "Exaggerated Nationalism." The text is worthy of the author of "The Cry of the Little Peoples," and the printing is good.

TERZA-RIMA SONNETS. By Robin Lampson. Berkeley: The Archetype Press. 1935. *500 copies.* $2 *and* $3.

This is another case of a book of verse printed under right conditions (I have already spoken of Coppard's "Cherry Ripe"), in that it has been hand-set and printed by hand, by Wilder Bentley. There are one hundred and twenty-five copies signed by the author, of the edition of five hundred.

SAN FRANCISCO, PAST AND PRESENT. By Edward F. O'Day. San Francisco: The Adobe Press. 1935.

For a private client the Grabhorn Press has made a very handsome slim octavo of Mr. O'Day's account of the city on the bay. There is an introduction by Harry Leon Wilson, and, best of all, a proof from the original plate of an etching of the city made in 1870 by W. L. Ormsby.

Mr. Arthur Rushmore's Golden Hind Press at Madison, N. J., has printed fifty copies of Alexander Smith's "Dreamthorp" for Mr. Quincey P. Emery.

"MISCELLANEOUS ANTIQUITIES." Number ten of the new series inaugurated by Horace's friend at Farmington, Wilmarth S. Lewis, to carry forward Walpole's idea of yesteryear, is now in possession of less than a hundred fortunate sharers in Mr. Lewis's passion. It is "Le Triomphe de l'Amitié ou l'Histoire de Jacqueline et de Jeanneton," by Mr. Lewis, appropriately printed by Mr. Thompson at Hawthorn House. The time, the place, and the girls—not to mention the author and the printer—have been propitious, and the book is a fitting addition to the series.

New Editions of the Bible

The Limited Editions Club has sent out to its members a new printing of the Holy Scriptures which is a work of no small merit. There are five volumes, reasonable in size, and admirably bound in a smooth, blue cloth. The King James version has been followed as to text, but the absurd canon of Bible printing—small type, double columns, italics, paragraph marks, references, and pronunciation "aids,"—has been joyfully broken. The pages, set in a large size of excellent type, and firmly printed in black ink on suitable paper, are readable and inviting. If the Bible is to be read in the future not as a fetich to be worshipped, but as a Captain's orders to be disobeyed at one's peril (in Carlyle's words), then it will have to be presented in some such modernized form as this—free from eccentricities either of exegesis or typography. There is a simplicity and straightforwardness about these volumes which makes them notable.

The prefixing to the first volume of the list of translators of the King James Version of 1611, together with the address of "The Translators to the Reader," is an interesting addition.

To Come This Spring, and Later

PRELUDE TO MAN. The Peter Pauper Press announces an elaborate printing in 375 signed and numbered copies of Chard Powers Smith's latest poem. The work will be decorated by Valenti Angelo, and advance subscriptions are invited at $10.

A PAPERMAKING PILGRIMAGE. Mr. Dard Hunter's latest book, illustrated with specimens of oriental paper, will be issued in a very limited edition at $36.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL EXTENSION (to Frederic Warde's "Bruce Rogers, Designer of Books") compiled by Irwin Haas will contain an introduction by Beatrice Warde, and be printed by the Peter Pauper Press. Ready in May. $3.50.

BURNING CITY. A limited edition of this new book by Stephen Vincent Benét will be issued (besides the trade edition) at $7.50.

GRABHORN PRESS EDITIONS will include Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," and "Robinson Jeffers and the Sea," by M. B. Bennett. The latter book will include an unpublished poem by Jeffers.

ILLUSTRATION CONTEST of the Limited Editions Club. Announcement of prize winners will be made this spring.

CRUSADER'S CASTLE, by T. E. Lawrence, will be published in a thousand-page book, illustrated with photographs by Lawrence. Golden Cockerel Press, $22.50.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
THE PYRAMID *Robert Hichens* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.50)	Novel	Suzanne, American warbler, packs a wow tonsil except when it comes to singing *Aida*. The gal ups and overcomes jinx through series of torrid adventures.	Thrushy
ARGONAUT GOLD *Charles H. Snow* (Macrae-Smith: $2.)	Romantic Adventure	Tough going for a wagon-train Californy bound in the 1850's. Dave Forrest, Injun scout, leads the way to the goldfields and to the heart of Sally Remington.	Kit Carson
THE BOSS OF THE LAZY 9 *Peter Field* (Morrow: $2.)	Western	Cattle rustlers and Ace Gilbert square off for some of the purtiest gun play in Utah. Dan Cupid is kept a'hoppin' plenty and two couples bite the altar.	Horse Meat
THE CORTENAY TREASURE *Percival Christopher Wren* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Novel	Sinister doings with ex-convicts and everything, and in such a nice old English castle. Young Sir Giles finally decides his sweetheart is the treasure.	Cambric Tea

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 35)

deliberately restricted to the commonplace.

The commonplace, the actual surface reality of every day, is easily photographed and catalogued, but a special talent is needed to penetrate and reveal it;—a talent that can use the authentic metaphor, seize the one right significant detail among a dozen, pick the spoken phrases that disclose character and let the others go. If the commonplace is to be relished it must be sharpened with humor, and it must give the appearance of spontaneous life. The reality of "Best in the Greenwood" has a synthetic appearance; it is too carefully mapped, too much catalogued in tedious detail. The sophisticated scenes, with their stiff, labored dialogue, are the least successful.

C. C.

THE DIARY OF A SUBURBAN HOUSEWIFE. By Dorothy Blake. Morrow. 1936. $2.

Mrs. Blake's book gives a convincing picture of a corner of present-day American life, a woman's picture of a year of the depression. Reported with vividness and dry humor, the tiny events of her life make agreeable reading, and we feel the unfailing charm that reality exerts when it is cleverly reproduced within the pages of a book. Dorothy Blake has followed life so closely in all its minute variations that we almost take her picture for granted, forgetting, in the ease and unpretentiousness of her writing, how difficult a thing it is either to give fiction the solidity of truth or to invest truth with the heightened interest of fiction. The diary in question reads as though it were an artful combination of fact and imagination, but the result is a "slice of life" which may some day be of value to the historian who wishes to find out how average Americans lived in the nineteen-thirties. The children are amusingly real and of the present moment.

We see in this book a typical young American woman of good education and nice tastes adjusting herself to hard times. She is courageous, she has a sense of humor, she can face facts squarely, and above all, she has that gift of the gods, a real talent for cooking. Her story may not be one to go back to, and to reread, for it is not told with any particular distinction of style, nor has it any memorable flashes of perception, but it makes pleasant desultory reading.

C. C.

BANJO ON MY KNEE. By Harry Hamilton. Bobbs-Merrill. 1936. $2.

Just as some excellent frivolities in jazz have been plucked from the scores of great masters of music, so Harry Hamilton has made an excellent, if evanescent, bit of entertainment out of a Mark Twain folk on a Mark Twain river. Indeed, his company of fisher folk, clustered in their shanty boats about obscure Island 21 on the Mississippi, scornful of land dwellers and cotton growers, are just such folk as Huck Finn might have found, but the complications through which they pass

(*Continued on page* 39)

Highlights from Our Spring List

THEODORE PARKER, YANKEE CRUSADER
By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER
Emerson thought him one of the three great men of his time. Scholar, preacher, reformer, abolitionist, politician—his career is an epitome of a whole society. Illustrated. $3.00

THE GENERAL By C. S. FORESTER
"A subtly and skillfully written novel . . . a genuine contribution to the intelligent study of militarism as a social phenomenon."—*Walter Millis, author of "Road to War."* 2nd printing. $2.50

The HURRICANE

By NORDHOFF and HALL

Authors of THE "BOUNTY" TRILOGY

A New Modern Classic

"Since Stevenson laid down his pen, I do not remember a piece of fiction with such pure outline or such a hold on the imagination." — *Lincoln Colcord, New York Herald Tribune "Books."*

"A masterpiece written within our time. The story is timeless, universal and, in the best sense, human."—*Sterling North, Chicago Daily News.*

A best seller from coast to coast

45th thousand An Atlantic Book $2.50

The AMERICAN ARMY in FRANCE
By MAJOR GENERAL JAMES G. HARBORD
The complete and authentic story of the A.E.F. by the man best qualified to tell it. Illustrations and maps. 2nd printing. $5.00

FATHER STRUCK IT RICH
By EVALYN WALSH McLEAN (With Boyden Sparkes)
The reminiscences of one of the most sensationally fascinating personalities in the United States—the owner and wearer of the Hope Diamond. 2nd printing. Illustrated. $3.00

Publishers **LITTLE, BROWN & CO.** *Boston*

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A London Letter

By R. ELLIS ROBERTS

FASHIONS in translations are odd things. I do not suppose you suffer as much from the veering of taste as we do in England; but I fancy you do suffer, as we do, from the snobbish inclination to think a book by a foreign author is better than one by a native. At the moment we are going rather Scandinavian again. I can just remember the early days of the Scandinavian craze, which reached its height in the great Ibsen period, and then broke and flared in the rocket of Strindberg at the beginning of the century. Its start was accidental: it was due to two things: the passion of a poet, and the holiday of a civil servant. William Morris, whose profound love of epic blinded him to the fact that he was really not an epic but an episodic poet, felt that classical subjects were exhausted, and he turned to the north for inspiration. Hence came the "Story of the Volsungs" and his translations, with Magnusson, of the old Icelandic Sagas. It is an odd thing that John Galsworthy's masterpiece owes its curiously inappropriate description to the literary proclivities of a nineteenth century Viking. No one spoke of "sagas" before Morris: today the word can splash into a headline as a description of the career of a bankrupt hairpin tycoon. The other Englishman who revived the Norsemen's invasion was the bitter and bird-like Edmund Gosse. He was employed, as was his friend Austen Dobson, in the Board of Trade. By chance he took a holiday in Norway, picked up a little of the language, and came across an odd dramatic poem, "Peer Gynt," by a man called Henrik Ibsen. Gosse was an intelligent critic, with a genuine taste in poetry: and he wrote an article on this new Norwegian work which was published in *The Spectator* in 1868. His "Northern Studies" came later; Archer went Norse, to find in Ibsen his own Scotch Presbyterian prejudices and convictions, and by the late eighties and the middle nineties all the intelligentsia of this island was worshipping Ibsen.

For a time, in the days just before the war, Ibsen's clear and strict genius was put in the shade by Strindberg: then both were obscured, as the fashion turned to France and even to Spain. Today there is a revival of Norse once more. The fact is, Scandinavia is once more the fashion. I have just been reading an Icelandic novel—"Salka Valka," by Halldor Laxness; it is a fairly good, rather muddled and over-crowded story of a small fishing village, a place with primitive people and revolting manners, which would have attracted little attention had it been an English novel about an English village. And from the same firm, Allen and Unwin, comes a much better book, Hjalmar Bergman's "Head of the Firm." This book was published in Stockholm (*Chefen Fru Ingeborg*) in 1924: and though it is a good story of business and domestic life in Stockholm, it would hardly have been translated now had it not been that our tastes were once more Scandinavian. Perhaps there are economic reasons at work, too, for the fashion. Scandinavia is "on sterling," if that is the right expression, and it is easier to manage exchange of monies between England and those countries, than between England and Germany.

I suppose one can hardly expect people to read with avidity guide-books to their own country; though I remember devouring eagerly a Baedeker's England which an American relative once left me in my Cotswold cottage. If there are any Americans who would welcome such a volume, I can heartily recommend Ronald Elwey Mitchell's "America: a Practical Handbook" which has recently been published by Hamish Hamilton. Mitchell is a Scot who has travelled over most of the States in the past three years; he is quite free from that strange error which afflicts so many Britons of talking of America as if there was no difference between California and Connecticut, the Alleghanies and the Rockies, Boston and Brooklyn, New Orleans and Nashville. His volume is intended for English visitors: but I think Americans will find it amusing to see what an intelligent and friendly foreigner thinks are the noticeable things in your country. He defends your Custom officials, praises your coffee, and thinks badly of your tea. I wonder how many New Yorkers will agree with this:

> There are three buildings in New York which every conscientious tourist visits. They are all worth while and you will have missed something if you miss them, but you can know New York tolerably well and yet never step inside them. Ask any New Yorker. They are the New York Public Library on Fifth Avenue, the Metropolitan Museum of Art . . . and the American Museum of Natural History.

And what about Trinity Church? Mr. Mitchell has little to say, throughout his volume on American churches: and I should have liked rather more about that older America which we over here know from American literature. He has a good deal about New England; but I miss any reference to Annapolis: I could have spared his passage on the well-known subject of mint-juleps for a page or two on Monterey and Booth Tarkington's Indianapolis, if any of it still exists, in spite of Mr. Tarkington's complaints about its disappearance.

One of the most enterprising of recent publishing efforts in England has been Mr. Allan Lane's Penguin Books. I don't think you have any comparable series in America. I know your Modern Library at ninety-five cents; but that price seems a good deal to an Englishman who is used to excellent reprints of modern authors at half a dollar or less. The Penguin Books, however, stagger me, who can remember quite well that wonderful series

Real Lovers
—not paper dolls!

HERE, for the first time, is the Japan of *today*, no longer the country of politeness and parasols, but a land torn between the old conventions and the new moral codes of the West. In this story of a youth's love for a girl of the Yoshiwara, his own father's former mistress, the author has written one of the most dramatic and tenderest love stories you have ever read, set in a background that is entirely new.

By BRADFORD SMITH

TO THE MOUNTAIN

The Critics Hail a Discovery!

Profoundly human novel of love where tradition rules and romance is starved.—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

Not only beautiful but great. Bradford Smith has enclosed within the simple love story of an obscure Japanese boy and girl the whole dramatic story of modern Japan.—ALICE TISDALE HOBART, author of *Oil for the Lamps of China.*

A deeper understanding of modern Japan. The novel has the steady strength of an almost reportorial reality.—*TIME.*

Accurate and vital . . . he has recognized the fact that romantic love in our time is like a footnote to politics. He is conscious of something more than cherry blossoms and the beauty of Fujiyama at dawn. —*New York Times.*

$2.50 BOBBS-MERRILL

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of sevenpenny reprints of modern fiction, inaugurated by John Buchan when he was a director of Nelson's. The Penguin books rival that series. They are pleasant, pocketable little volumes, printed in clear type, with wrappers over a stiff, hard cover, and they cost a dime apiece. (I am taking Elwey Mitchell's word for it that a dime goes as far with some as sixpence with us.) I have seen some twenty volumes of which more than a million copies have been sold since August when the series started. The books to be had in this library include Maurois's "Ariel," Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms," Douglas's "South Wind," E. H. Young's "William," Mackenzie's "Carnival," Bromfield's "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg" and Butler's "Erewhon." This selection shows the width of Allan Lane's choice, and the skill with which he has induced other publishers to help him in his adventure. The huge sales of these books seem to me a most encouraging sign. One hears complaints that the talkies, movies, etc., have killed reading. They are good evidence that, in spite of other novel attractions, the reading habit has not yet died in England.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 37*)

seem shaped for a movie rather than a living novel of the moving Mississippi.

In great measure Mr. Hamilton has wisely written his book so. When he writes of old Newt playing the "St. Louis Blues" on his intricate contraption of instruments to the applause of river commissary crowds and New Orleans night club audiences, or of the fair Pearl waiting in a fine romantic fidelity for the footloose Ernie, he serves steadily his readers' content. But when he departs abruptly from light romance to such a character as Hattie Tope, who received whatever men her preacher husband brought to her, or to such an episode as that in which young Shug killed her stepfather and herself after he had tried to rape her, he gives to his book no authentic color of realism but rather something like a blood clot on a valentine.

Mr. Hamilton has real talent for humor in dialogue and character. Solemn, old, indestructible, music-making Newt is a character of whom any first novelist might be proud. And there is more in the book to mark it with promise. Indeed, despite its flaws, despite its occasional faltering in uncertainty, "Banjo on My Knee" is a book of good reading and good nature which, if it pulls nobody out of his seat, will keep a good many people contentedly in theirs.

J. D.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 105)

HAVELOCK ELLIS—
"FOUNTAIN OF LIFE."

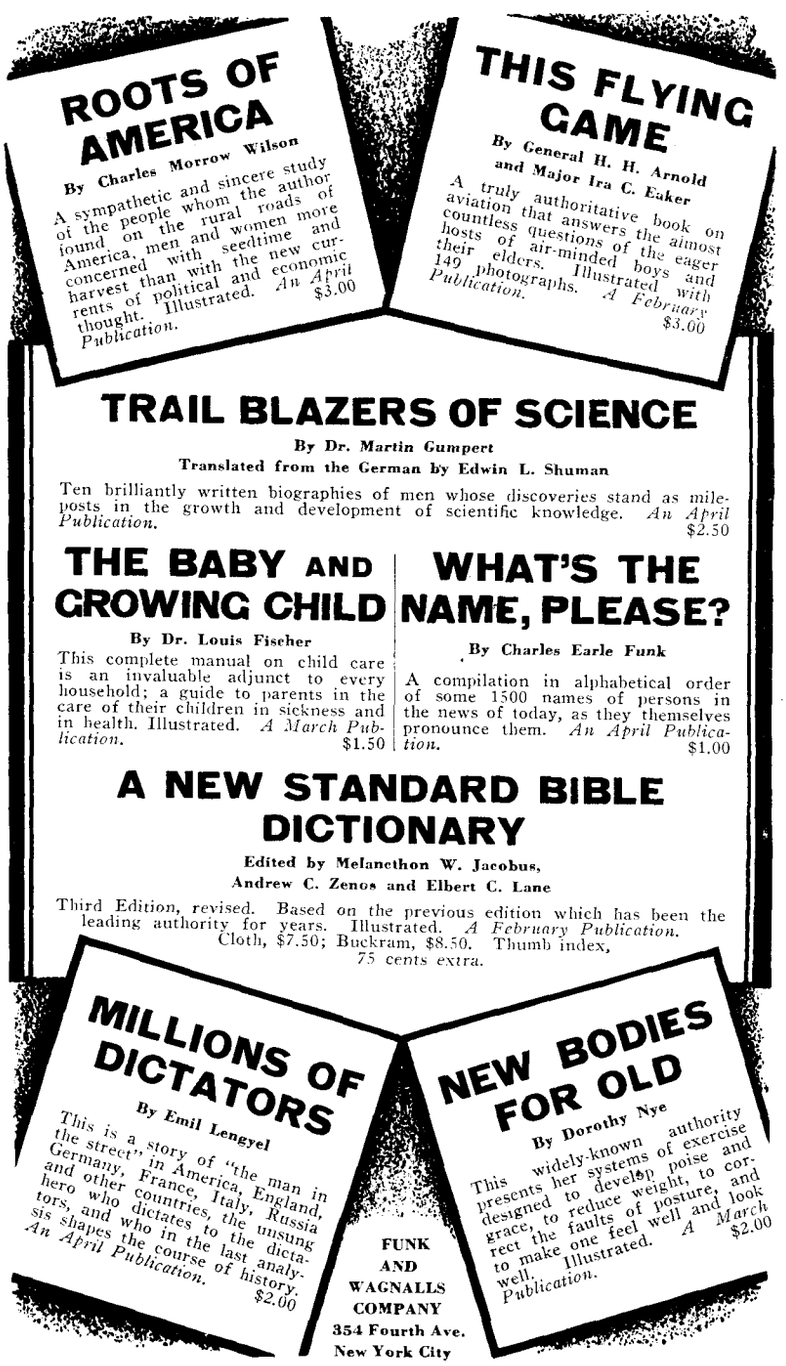
When we look at the matter we have to realize that, biologically and morally alike, healthy restraint is needed for "the flourishing of the spirit" quite as much as healthy exercise.

Miscellaneous

M-DAY, THE FIRST DAY OF WAR. By Rose M. Stein. Harcourt, Brace. 1936. $2.50.

This is a discursive and, in various portions, misleading treatment of a wide variety of topics: how the United States came to intervene in the World War, the part played in the war, capital and labor in the last war and the next war, factors that hinder the outbreak of the next war. The title, M-Day, is chosen as a term employed by the War Department to denote the first day of mobilization. The book is based largely upon materials gathered by the Senate Munitions Committee, and through it runs much of the philosophy of its chief investigator, Mr. Raushenbush. Historically it is scarcely of greater importance than the radio speeches of Senator Nye; it adduces no new evidence hitherto uncovered by students and is uncritical in its treatment of evidence that has already been thoroughly sifted. The author concludes that the country was forced by American business to enter the World War and that the final step into the war was taken "to save the loans."

The lack of historical reality which characterizes the book is indicated by the assumption that "long and carefully planned preparations" preceded our intervention in 1917 and by the argument that "the stage was elaborately set." The German submarine campaign as an immediate cause of American intervention is barely mentioned. President Wilson as a factor in American foreign policy during the neutral years disappears completely. Throughout the book there appears an underlying sympathy with international pacifism and Russian Communism. The author seems to assume that the twentieth century industrial system is incompatible with a regime of inter-


ROOTS OF AMERICA
By Charles Morrow Wilson
A sympathetic and sincere study of the people whom the author found on the rural roads of America, men and women more concerned with seedtime and harvest than with the new currents of political and economic thought. Illustrated. An April Publication. $3.00
THIS FLYING GAME
By General H. H. Arnold and Major Ira C. Eaker
A truly authoritative book on aviation that answers the almost countless questions of the eager hosts of air-minded boys and their elders. Illustrated with 149 photographs. A February Publication. $3.00
TRAIL BLAZERS OF SCIENCE
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national peace. "War cannot be eliminated short of eliminating the profit system." The invitation to a radical overturn of the existing economic system as the only assured basis for international peace is veiled but by no means indefinite.

C. S.

MAN AND THE SEA. By J. Holland Rose. Houghton Mifflin. 1936. $3.

Professor Rose tells the story of man's conquest of the oceans in an attractive book which moves slowly, sometimes even monotonously, like the hero-discoverers whose voyages under sail are its main theme. Like them, it wanders among magic seas and opens up new landfalls of a changing world.

Scholarly in its outlook, "Man and the Sea" traces and correlates the voyages of the major explorers, from Odysseus, rover of the Mediterranean, to Captain Cook, slain at Karakakooa Bay in 1779. Around this theme of exploration is woven the history of the ship, of colonization, and of the ebb and flow of national fortunes dependent upon supremacy afloat. A chapter on steam power and the suppression of the African slave trade brings this saga of the seas of darkness to its close.

Anyone whose interests run to geography or nautical history will enjoy this book, and will find it handy as a reference work. The use of incomplete and highly misleading statistics mars Professor Rose's account of the work done by our naval squadrons in the West African slave patrol. Nor does he mention the efforts of American colonization societies on the Windward Coast. In the main, his facts are specific and accurate, his conclusions illuminating. The book is handsomely designed, with seductive bibliographical footnotes and a noteworthy set of maps, portraits, half-tones and sketches rich in the spell "of perilous seas and faery lands forlorn."

W. D.

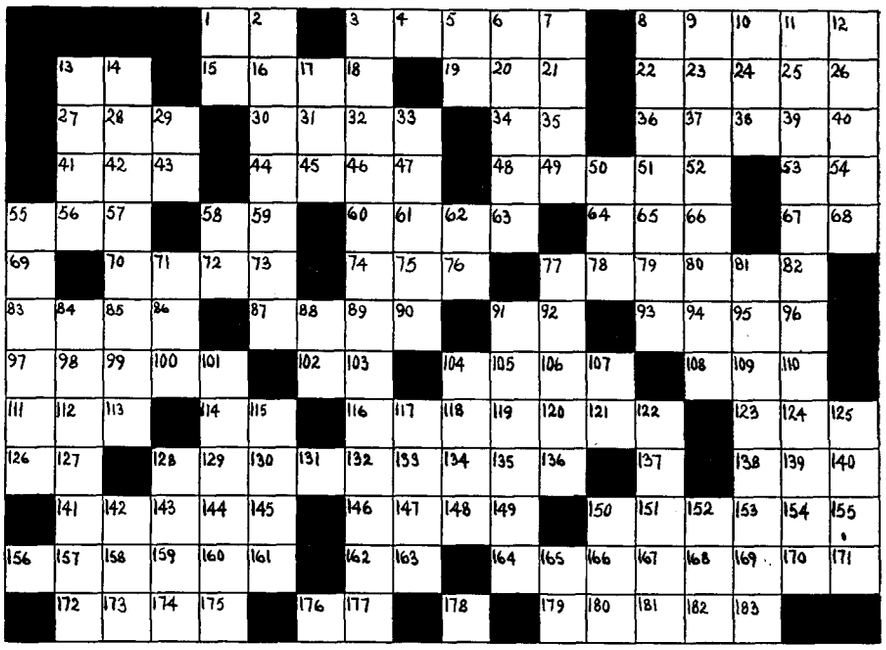
Brief Mention

Norman Lockridge's *Golden Treasury of the World's Wit and Wisdom* (Black Hawk Press, New York, $4) is an extensive anthology of brief sayings. * * * Readers of *The Last Puritan* who did not before know Santayana's work are recommended to his *Obiter Scripta* (Scribner's, $2.50), a collection of brief and characteristic essays. * * * Another valuable anthology is *An Eighteenth Century Miscellany*, edited by Lous Kronenberger (Putnams, $3). * * * Still another is *What Veblen Taught: Selections from the Writings of Thorstein Veblen*, edited by Wesley C. Mitchell (Viking, $3). * * * Sheed & Ward have just published Ernest Moody's *Logic of William of Ockham*, a scholarly contribution to a very difficult subject ($3.50). * * * Bruno Roselli's *Italian Yesterday and Today* is a valuable factual study of Italian teaching in the United States (Stratford Press, $2). * * * Admirers of Aldous Huxley will wish to know of a study of his work written by Alexander Henderson and published by Harper & Bros. ($2.50). * * * We have reviewed in the past the five volumes of *The Diary of a Country Parson*, 1758-1802: The Reverend J. Wood-

(*Continued on page* 42)

Double-Crostics: No. 106

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-eight words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 39 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Contagious disease.

II. Novel by Charles Kingsley.

III. To close or obstruct.

IV. To abase, humble.

V. Shakespearean sprite.

VI. Celestial, heavenly.

VII. Turgid (comp.).

VIII. Eject.

IX. Dionysian ecstatic rite.

X. One of proverbially happy married couple.

XI. English poet and artist (1834-96).

XII. Scents.

XIII. Winter apple.

XIV. Arctic cetacean.

XV. Humored.

XVI. Author of "Lead, Kindly Light."

XVII. To roll the eyes.

XVIII. Austrian composer (1860-1911).

XIX. Liberal Dutch reformer (1466-1536).

XX. She was changed into a laurel tree (Gr.).

XXI. State of being closely confined.

XXII. Confused.

XXIII. Abnormality.

XXIV. Double-dealing (comp.).

XXV. Isolates.

XXVI. Not so.

XXVII. Prefix meaning new.

XXVIII. Contemporary of Dr. Johnson (1714-63).

WORDS

41 47 71 65 173 145

42 97 78 20 74 169 50

35 123 155 89 30 128 40

54 182 23 144 9 163 18

178 168 134 66 126

52 70 150 62 118 2 124 110

104 156 15 19 146 79 55 27 86

72 68 38 63

157 16 101 7

96 137 106 176 115

116 103 12 151 166 21

154 22 117 167 179

132 77 67 127 11 58

100 24 8 46 91 84 160

120 81 149 158 111 136 45 93

56 32 85 114 17 170

57 147 171 122 125 3

172 53 28 90 92 14

107 49 37 164 13 99 31

33 1 180 142 148 177

108 69 39 88 5 140 60 95 119 175

141 80 183 48 83 131 44

143 26 98 138 4 109 161

34 87 59 130 139 153 113 82

112 51 6 129 159

181 165 36 152 133 25 94 10 61

121 76 162

102 75 43 73 174 64 29 135 105

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PERSONALS

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LIBRARIAN, M.A., five years experience, desires change; small college or special library, history, art, genealogy, economics, biology, anywhere. Polyxena. Box 178-B.

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MAN, 35, moderately well-read and traveled, with bookstore, publishing and other business experience, wishes position in Philadelphia. Box 185-B.

SOMETIMES men achieve worth-while things; often women inspire them. Is there some young lady, literary or artistic, who would correspond with southerner, male, 26, who wants to write but lacks something. Inspiration? Maybe. Box 186-B.

MAN in early twenties desires correspondence young men, women; interests music, drama, literature. Box 187-B.

DISCRIMINATING DAMSEL craves stimulating masculine correspondence. Box 188-B.

FOR SALE—The Saturday Review, Volume I, Number 1 to present Number, Volume XIII. Anyone interested? M. B. Dewey, Newton, Mass.

A HOUSE BY A MILL POND and stream; located in nearby Westchester County. Main part over 200 years old. Five open fireplaces—hand hewn beams. Entire house in fine condition. A centuries old mill, overshot wheel in operation. On a side hill a stone guest house. Seven acres with plenty of open field and old gardens. The stream and pond good for canoeing and winter hockey. If interested in leasing furnished or unfurnished address for further information K. G. Belches, Secretary, One Wall Street, New York City.

MARIONETTE ENTHUSIASTS may still obtain copies of the Puppetry Bulletin, inundated with information about puppet books, materials, companies, for a three-cent stamp sent to Paul McPharlin, Birmingham, Michigan.

WANTED: Furnished cottage by two tired educators for summer months. Radius of 150 miles of New York City. Mountains preferred. Golf nearby. Box 183-B.

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WHO WILL OFFER liberating letters or illuminating talk to a MAN-hattan sophisticate, middle-thirties, touched by spring. Promethus.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q., on his occasional Trade Surveys, becomes Pellicular, Esurient, perhaps a little Goofy. In Columbus, Ohio, he specially enjoyed buying a new notebook in the stationery department of McClelland's time-honored bookstore and renewed his homage to Mrs. Fannie Hussey Edwards, the Middle West's *doyenne* bookseller: she has been at McClelland's more than 40 years. ☞Aunt Fannie, as everyone in the Trade calls her, remembers McClelland's at various symbolic street-corners: first *Gay and High*, then *Long and High*, now *Broad and Gay* (Q. hopes he remembers this accurately) and thinks these are good mottoes for a bookseller's career. ☞McClelland's still keeps prominent the famous display stunt of Blue Ribbon, the leaning pile of books (supported by a rod running through the middle) and Mrs. Flowers (the buyer) told us how much attention it attracted when the cohorts of Ohio State and Notre Dame were in town for last autumn's Big Game. ☞There was a small boy who went home and tried to build a similar pile of his father's books: when they kept collapsing he wept and said, "If McClelland's can do it why can't I?" ☞In Columbus Old Q. always hopes he may find a copy of the first American edition of Omar Khayyam which some printer there put out but it seems to have vanished. ☞Q. remembers that long ago he wrote William Dean Howells about it. Howells was a young newspaper man in Columbus when that Rubaiyat pamphlet was printed; but remembered nothing of it.

☞In Mrs. Teeter's lively, long-admired book department in Lazarus's big department store Old Q. tarried long. The aisles were bloomy with cunningly lit sprays of artificial dogwood and the sentiment of spring apparent in the store's birthday celebration; 65th, we think. ☞Q. renewed his ancient belief that the Department Store is the great American engine of esthetics, suggesting to the casual public, in innumerable ways, refinements of form and color, the charm as well as utility of merchandise. ☞In one of Lazarus's departments he was carried away with joy by the finest exhibition ever seen of model railroad trains running in a miniature landscape; a display put on by the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, on which (perhaps Q. is confused) George Washington slept like a kitten. ☞The American Education Press, which issues admirable publications known to all teachers and pupils, is another place important to visit.

☞A brief skirmish in Chicago convinced Old Q. that spring has come at last. ☞He found Mrs. Hutchings, editor of Carson Pirie Scott's book bulletin, *The Thistle Leaf*, eagerly reading *Sparkenbroke* and wondering why it had been annunciated in these columns as "funny." ☞Ralph Henry, manager of Carson Pirie Scott's book department, reported business as comfortably picking up in spite of income taxes, Lent, Middle West floods and political dubiety. ☞Among the books Chicago waits eagerly to sample are *Oscar Wilde Discovers America* (by Lloyd Lewis and the late universally lamented Henry Justin Smith) and Mignon Eberhard's *Fair Warning*.

☞At a meeting of the Chicago branch of the P. E. N. Club old Q. was lucky enough to meet Mrs. Eberhard and tell her how much the story of crime and pursuit means in his life. ☞In Dayton, Pettibone McLean's bookstore has been specially interested in *I'll Mourn You Later*. ☞In the State Capitol at Columbus Q. overheard a chance remark that seemed exquisitely symbolic of political manoeuvre. One statesman said to another, "Johnny's sound asleep upstairs so we'll have that subcommittee meeting." ☞In conversation (at Lazarus's store) with an Ohio State professor Q. got the noble idea that a book might be written on *Mathematics and Middle Age*—his hunch being that mathematics is the only Universal Validity, and most people from 40 on hanker to apply themselves to some geninue study. ☞The finest Night Club in Chicago is the Hayden Planetarium where Professor Fox turned the whole firmament to and fro and made Q.'s head spin and his theology quaver. ☞A doctor in Columbus remarked that nowadays patients recovering from appendectomy are turned over and over (like joints on a spit) to prevent "adhesions."

☞And the same surely applies to the mind. ☞At the P. E. N. Club in Chicago Q. enjoyed luxurious frogs' legs, for the first time since he was in Paris; and had the honor of sitting beside Janet Ayer Fairbank who was acting chairman in the absence of Miss Fanny Butcher. ☞Now Q. breaks off his impromptus, because by the happiest hazard in the world his colleague Phoenix has just come in from St. Louis and they are both going out to examine the state of the union. ☞Too busy ever to colloque in New York, these two have to come to Chicago to enjoy each other, and to meet other colleagues and travelers. Eddie Ziegler of Doubleday's, Frank Jones of Little, Brown, Jim Malloy of Putnam and Minton Balch, have promised to show Phoenix the town. Old Q. is acting as brake.

WOMEN'S NATIONAL BOOK ASSOCIATION DINNER
Photographed by Robert Disraeli at the Hotel Pennsylvania, March 20.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 40*)

forde. Now John Beresford has selected and edited passages from these remarkable journals full of homely facts about English country life (Oxford University Press, $3.75). * * * We have not been able to review but must note here the extraordinarily valuable textbook called *Europe* by Samuel Van Valkenburg and Ellsworth Huntington (John Wiley, $4.50). This represents the still new science of geography applied to a familiar subject with results informative and interesting to a high degree. The book is elaborately illustrated with graphs and maps. * * * Let us note also a biography of *Benes: Statesman of Central Europe*, by Pierre Crabitès (Coward-McCann, $3), and a study of the late President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia called *Defender of Democracy*, by Emil Ludwig (Robert McBride, $3). * * * Sir Walford Davies has written an analysis of music considerably more technical than the usual book on musical appreciation and perhaps of more interest to the musician than to the listener, *The Pursuit of Music* (Thomas Nelson & Son, $2.50). * * * Mayme I. Dodgson of the University of Chicago faculty presents a creditable attempt to make a mathematical textbook readable in *A Mathematician Explains* (University of Chicago Press, $2.50). This book covers the field from arithmetic to the Integral Calculus with chapters on the relations of mathematics to other sciences. * * * Macmillan publishes a revised edition of Cecil Forsyth's *Orchestration* with a new section on special instruments ($5). * * * Among the numerous volumes being published for the Texas Centenary is Owen P. White's *My Texas, Tis of Thee* (Putnams, $2.50). Mr. White recreates the atmosphere and speech of the nineties in sketches of towns and ranches, cowboys and wenches.

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how many books are **banned** by the booksellers?

You may believe that you choose your books yourself. Perhaps. Very few do. One person is swayed by the reviewers. Another is confused by publishers' extravagant blurbs, by prizes, by vogues. Still another is led around by the booksellers, like a bull with a ring in his nose.

What's behind the scenes?

Now here's a typical story of what happens almost every day in the year, behind the scenes in the publishing world.

A manuscript, Anthony Bertram's LIKE THE PHOENIX, is submitted to a publisher. Six editors read it. Four are for it, two against it. In this case the publisher takes the novel, believing that some disagreement on any book is healthy, believing also that out of well over an hundred million people in America there must be at least a number of thousand who will get excited about it—*if it will ever reach them*. Even the editors who do not like it, agree on that.

Why? Because this particular book, LIKE THE PHOENIX, is revolutionary, though sound. It is *not* depressing. It is vastly readable. It has something to say. It is a pioneer novel, of a new pattern, with enough sensation to cause talk.

The first hurdle

Now a publisher's first great problem is distribution, to see that you can find it to buy, if you want to buy it. At this first hurdle what happens? Many advance copies are sent out to the trade. There arises a solid wall of opposition. (There are exceptions, of course. Actually, the advance sale is around 1,000 copies.) But as a whole, practically without respect to the vagaries of personal taste, the retail booksellers refuse to have anything to do with the book.

One dealer snorts at the idea of attempting to sell anything but the obvious best-sellers. Another owns up, to a personal prejudice against all experimental fiction. A third indicates his consistent unwillingness to stock any unknown quantity. This is a barrier from a solid front. LIKE THE PHOENIX seems destined to be still-born.

A ray of hope

Then comes the first ray of hope. Donald Gordon, American News Company prophet, says simply, "It *had* to be published." It did *have* to be published, Mr. Gordon; but a publisher's function is more than just printing. And the booksellers refuse to listen.

Then comes a second ray of hope. The *Retail Bookseller*, a trade journal, warning that some shops may find the book too bizarre, says that it is "probably the most unusual book of the month." And still the booksellers refuse to take any interest.

Now the novel has just been published. It is going through the purgatory that hundreds of fine novels suffer, most of them never to be heard of again. But already its champions begin to appear. In a splendid review the N. Y. *Times* calls the book "A rich composite structure of an age bewildered and unanchored . . . it has real life, real drama and irony." "Arresting and original, a brave and memorable novel," says the *Herald Tribune*. "One of the most stirring books published this year," says *Wings*, of the Literary Guild. "There are many who will be stirred by it," writes Robert Van Gelder.

Little book, what now?

Can the critics save it? If not, what then? Suppose you do go to a bookstore. You will probably be told that the book is 'not in stock.' The bookstore clerk may stare at you blankly and deny ever having heard of a novel by that title. Or, if he is clever, he may persuade you to take another book.

With conditions as they now exist, when book after book, such as LIKE THE PHOENIX, is damned by the bookshops before it has even been published, how are the frontiers of fiction to be advanced, how can publishing continue to be more than a gesture of printing?

As to LIKE THE PHOENIX, if you are fortunate, if you are persistent, you may be able to get a copy from your bookseller. But if not, simply write to the publisher who will immediately mail you one on approval, without obligation.

[redacted]

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BY
PAUL NIZOVOY
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